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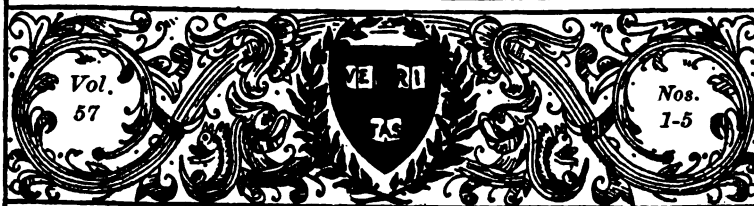
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INDEX  
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# CONTENTS

---

## LEADERS

FRESHMAN DORMITORIES—A COMMENT.....	<i>C. M. Rogers, Jr.</i> , '14	139
HARVARD INDIFFERENCE—A HOMILY FOR FRESHMEN.....	<i>C. M. Rogers, Jr.</i> , '14	1
THE ANCIENT THEME.....	<i>G. V. Selles</i> , '14	63
"THEY ORDER THIS MATTER BETTER".....	<i>G. V. Selles</i> , '14	101

## ESSAYS

GALSWORTHY—A GLORIOUS PAGAN.....	<i>R. G. Nathan</i> , '16	136
THE DRUG PHRASE.....	<i>R. D. Skinner</i> , '15	45
SPLEEN .....	<i>G. V. Selles</i> , '14	60

## FICTION

AN ITALIAN SALT SHIP .....	<i>A. C. Smith</i> , '14	13
ANNE .....	<i>A. C. Smith</i> , '14	70
A PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF THE MISSING LINK.....	<i>A. C. Smith</i> , '14	16
CHARITY .....	<i>C. H. Jacobs</i> , '15	164
CHAPTERS FROM A SUMMER ROMANCE.....	<i>C. H. Weston</i> , '14	21
LOLOMI .....	<i>R. S. Mitchell</i> , '15	115
MARIONETTES: A MODERN FANTASY (Dialogue).....	<i>G. V. Selles</i> , '14	124
MEMOIRS OF MY DEAD PAST.....	<i>Bradley Randall</i> , '16	110
MISS CLEARWATER'S MORALS.....	<i>Irving Pichel</i> , '14	49
MURPH .....	<i>C. C. Petersen</i> , '15	40
NUEVA ANDALUCIA.....	<i>A. C. Smith</i> , '14	55
SANDY—A PORTRAIT .....	<i>R. D. Skinner</i> , '15	169
THE HONOR OF A KLEPHT.....	<i>J. R. Dos Passos, Jr.</i> , '16	158
THE LITTLE 'UNS.....	<i>L. D. Kornfeld</i> , '14	145
THE POETS' CORNER.....	<i>B. Winkelman</i> , '15	129
THERE WAS ONE.....	<i>C. C. Petersen</i> , '15	8
TIMOTHY MALONEY'S CONSCIENCE.....	<i>R. D. Skinner</i> , '15	89

## PLAYS

ATOMS .....	<i>R. G. Nathan</i> , '16	31
TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.....	<i>Irving Pichel</i> , 14	80

## VERSE

A GLIMPSE OF BOSTON.....	<i>R. G. Nathan</i> , '16	94
A SONG OF SEASONS.....	<i>Edward Moses</i> , '16	26
AT NIGHT .....	<i>B. P. Clarke, Jr.</i> , '16	157
BALLADE OF THE WILDERED MAN.....	<i>J. R. Reinhard</i> , '15	15
FAITH .....	<i>R. S. Hillyer</i> , '17	62
I AM TIRED.....	<i>R. G. Nathan</i> , '16	163
OLD BOOKS TO READ.....	<i>J. Garland</i> , '16	123
PYGMALION'S GALATEA.....	<i>Standish Hall</i> , '16	79
SONG OF THE MOUNTAINS.....	<i>R. G. Nathan</i> , '16	114
THE BREEZE .....	<i>C. H. Weston</i> , '14	20
THE FAST FREIGHT GOES THROUGH.....	<i>R. G. Nathan</i> , '16	48
THE FISHING FLEET.....	<i>J. Garland</i> , '15	100
THE ISLAND OF DEATH.....	<i>R. S. Mitchell</i> , '15	170
THE LOVER VAGABOND .....	<i>R. G. Nathan</i> , '16	59
THE ORGAN GRINDER .....	<i>J. R. Reinhard</i> , '15	39
THE SOURCE OF A SONG.....	<i>C. H. Weston</i> , '14	7
THE TROUBADOUR—SONNET OF PROvence..	<i>C. H. Jacobs</i> , '15	69
THE WRECK OF THE PERSIA .....	<i>J. Garland</i> , '15	109
TO R. S. ....	<i>R. G. Nathan</i> , '16	30
WIND ON THE FENS.....	<i>B. P. Clarke, Jr.</i> , '16	144

## EDITORIALS

A COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION.....	<i>C. H. W.</i>	29
CONCERNING OURSELVES .....	<i>C. H. W.</i>	28
FORBES-ROBERTSON .....	<i>I. P.</i>	62
THE SOCIALIST CLUB .....	<i>C. H. W.</i>	138
TO THE FRESHMEN .....	<i>C. H. W.</i>	29

## BOOK REVIEWS

THE DARK FLOWER. JOHN GALSWORTHY.....*I. K. Moyse*, '15 95

## LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

CLARKE, B. P., JR. ....	144, 157
DOS PASSOS, J. R., JR. ....	158
GARLAND, J. ....	100, 109, 123
HALL, STANDISH. ....	79
HILLYER, R. S. ....	62
JACOBS, C. H. ....	69, 164
KORNFIELD, L. D. ....	145
MOYSE, I. K. ....	95
MITCHELL, R. S. ....	115, 170
MOSES, EDWARD. ....	26
NATHAN, R. G. ....	30, 31, 48, 59, 94, 114, 136, 163
PETERSEN, C. C. ....	8, 40
PICHEL, IRVING ....	49, 62, 80
RANDALL, BRADLEY ....	110
REINHARD, J. R. ....	15, 39
ROGERS, C. M., JR. ....	1, 139
SELDES, G. V. ....	60, 63, 101, 124
SKINNER, R. D. ....	45, 89, 169
SMITH, A. C. ....	13, 16, 55, 70
WESTON, C. H. ....	7, 20, 21, 28, 29, 29, 138



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The  
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**HARVARD INDIFFERENCE**  
**A HOMILY FOR FRESHMEN**

*CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS*





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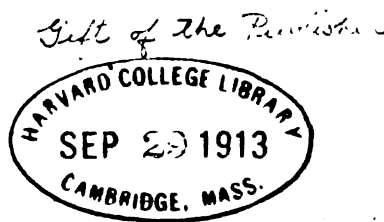
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# THE HARVARD MONTHLY

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VOL. LVII

OCTOBER, 1913

No. 1

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## *HARVARD INDIFFERENCE—A HOMILY FOR FRESHMEN*

The chief sensation with which the average Freshman approaches his college career is the very elementary one of curiosity. He may have tried very sincerely on the train to think of what his father said of Opportunity and his high school principal of Ideals; but the nearer he approaches Cambridge the more is he simply boyishly interested in "what Harvard is going to be like."

And of what Harvard is going to be like he has little conception. He may, indeed, have fairly well defined ideas of "college life," for there is no end of multi-colored posters, college tales and college jokes, and look forward to something similar. Of Harvard, in particular, he may perhaps have given heed to stories which newspapers and others seem to take vicious delight in circulating. If such is the case, he will come to what he firmly believes is a rich man's college, where wealth and social position are the sole criterion of a man's worth and snobbery the rule. He is certain of one thing at least: that the experience is to be enjoyable and will, through some alchemy peculiar to itself, leave him a very superior sort of a person supremely fitted for anything he may choose to undertake.

The first few days will be full of pleasant excitement, but when the room is straightened up, the courses for the first year selected, and life begins to savor again of routine, a feeling of doubt appears. The Freshman will recall a promise to compare notes with his chum at Bowdoin. The chum, perhaps, had been pledged for a fraternity the spring before when he ran in the Interscholastic races. By now,

doubtless, he will have been installed in the "frat" house and met most of the men who are to be his intimates. So far the Freshman has struck up a tolerable acquaintance with the man in 45, three or four at his table at Memorial and the fellow sitting next to him in History I. Of the others no one comes near, even to haze him. The vast majority of undergraduate Harvard seems indifferent to the fact of his existence. . . .

Primarily, Harvard lacks the "rah-rah." We do not, most of us, spend our evenings singing college songs, arrayed in sweaters and with large-bowled numeral pipes between our teeth. We do not inflict torture upon our newcomers for their well-being nor build bonfires of Cambridge gates and signposts to celebrate a victory. We do not invent nicknames for each and every one of our class-mates and use them in preference to the surname. Our instructors are not termed "profs."

Harvard is the "large college," *par excellence*. There is much diversity, little uniformity. The curriculum, with courses ranging from metallurgical chemistry to Japanese philosophy and Etruscan archæology to public finance, offers the widest variety from which to choose. Student interests and activities are infinite in number. It is impossible for a man to know but few of his fellow-students and entirely possible for him to be totally unaware of the identity of one half of his classmates. The Freshman finds little ready made and waiting for him. From the moment he enters the University he is compelled to make choices. Unlike his brother in the small college he cannot embrace the life as a whole, accept his prescribed studies and patronize impartially the hockey team and the dramatic club. He must develop a sense of values and the ability to select. And therein lies his salvation.

It is, then, this tendency to individual judgment, this utilization of the sense of value that marks the Harvard man. He measures the worth of a fact or a theory as it appeals to him personally; the circumstance that "they" think it right or that "it is done" becomes of little importance. This is Harvard indifference. As a term it has been much misused. Everything from gilded snobbery to undergraduate cynicism has been confused with it. It is essentially neither of

these—though either may be a logical outgrowth—it is rather a reluctance to take anything for granted and a fierce desire to know truth first hand.

So, whether in deciding to attend a baseball game or accepting a philosophy, the Harvard man learns first of all to consult the Self. What matters it if the undefined “they” prescribe attendance on the bleachers? If he can spend his afternoon more enjoyably at an Ibsen *matinée*, why in the name of Heaven should he not? Or if a current philosophy revolts all particular experience, why should mere popularity carry weight? New amusements are invented by those who fail to find pleasure in the old and thought advances as men become dissatisfied with dogma.

“This above all,” we have from *Hamlet*, “to thine own self be true.” It is the first precept of individualism and the chief law of the universe. Education which fails to make the student think for himself is no education; and a university under whose shelter a man can truly find himself is serving its highest purpose. William James predicted that the time when Harvard should stamp a single hard and fast type of character upon her children would be that of her downfall. And it is so. The so-called college and class spirit comes when interests centre about the same thing and all men think alike. Individual thought and action are submerged in the crowd. The group ideal becomes the only ideal that is accepted. Those who rebel are simply left outside; the others acquire the intellectual fattiness that goes with conformity and wax mightily.

Harvard omits the class spirit entirely and only seldom does anything approaching college spirit show itself. There is no one ideal but a variety. If a man is bored at the mention of track records, he need but seek out a kindred spirit interested in H. G. Wells. No one is bound down to a single attitude or frame of mind. There is every chance to develop individuality and avoid becoming a type.

From a strictly commercial point of view the four years spent at college are regarded as a tolerably good investment. One undoubtedly becomes broadened and acquires a training which will ultimately mean increased efficiency in one's life work. But to my mind the four years have a special value as a place wherein to make mistakes. It



is a trite saying that experience is the best teacher. It is equally true, however, that the man who knows himself and can rely upon himself is the most staunchly equipped for any struggle. The Freshman coming to Harvard sees ahead of him four years of rather sheltered existence and a world of opportunity. As a rule he is free from financial worry. The tasks set are neither many nor arduous. There is enough diversity in the life to enable him to follow his own particular bent. He can, then, try himself out, find wherein he is weak and wherein he is strong. He can make mistakes at a time when mistakes are not fatal and profit by them for his soul's good. This he can do deliberately, making his own individuality his chief study. And growing in wisdom, he can learn to distinguish between the true and the false which, as someone has said, is the essence of true culture.

Harvard indifference! It is supremely, the finding of oneself. It stands boldly forth and requires justification of all things to the Self. It refuses to view dogma with reverence and is ever seeking new truth. In college it manifests itself most in what James calls our proudest products—the undisciplinables; in life it may set the earth whirling in a different direction.

"The hobbles fall from your ankles—you find an unfailing sufficiency;  
Old or young, male or female, rude, low, rejected by the rest, whatever you are promulges itself;  
Through birth, life, death, burial, the means are provided, nothing is scanted;  
Through angers, losses, ambition, ignorance, ennui, what you are picks its way."

Whitman has said it bravely.

## II

What I have said above applies to all sorts and conditions of men. The football enthusiast may be as stalwart an individualist as the seeker after classical honors. It is merely a question of honest evaluation from the single standpoint. But what follows is for a more limited number. It can form no part of a "practical" education, for it is woefully unpractical. Economic philosophy knows it not nor

do the moderns in general recognize its value. It is the doctrine of "loafing and inviting the soul."

I sometimes think that Harvard would be better off were it not the busy hive of activity that it is. Surely the old English ideal must appeal to some. Then a youth went to the University to complete his education as a gentleman. He read widely, according to his taste, sculled on the river for recreation and became versed in the art of conversation? The Forum was the centre of the life and many a young Englishman stepped from it into a brilliant career in Parliament.

But such an ideal would fare hard today, since there are so few to whom it would appeal. University life has become a complex along with that of the world outside. It is full of organizations requiring business managers and innumerable sweating candidates. There is vast expenditure of energy and the student who attempts to "do things" is a rather hard-working man.

And it is best so. The vast majority of men are fitting themselves for active business or professional careers and college activities are admirable for trying oneself out. "An excellent and healthy life, no doubt," says a writer on Oxford, for Oxford, too, seems to have become entirely modern in this respect, "but yet one is tempted sometimes to fear that the loafer may become extinct; and then where are our great poets to come from. For it is a great thing to be able to loaf well; it softens the manners and does not allow them to be fierce; and there is no place for it like the streams and gardens of an ancient university."

There is indeed danger that the true loafer may become extinct and our manners fierce. With the brisk, curt business executive held up for an ideal, we feel vaguely that to loaf is merely to waste one's time. The vacation exists only as a health requirement necessary for further efficiency. Idling becomes a lost art. And it is this general frame of mind that brings out countless protests from people who believe the world is living too rapidly.

Thinking is higher than doing and the philosopher is greater than the hewer of wood. Most men are temperamentally unfitted for anything save a life of activity and the trait shows through even in

college. But for those rare spirits who can loaf well, there is no place "like the streams and gardens of an ancient university." Too many a student coming to college is fired with great ambition to "make" this or that; in general to "do things." He is told on all sides to go out for something and go out hard. What he undertakes apparently makes little difference, so long as he is busy. For the actively inclined this is excellent counsel, provided he chooses intelligently. The difficulty with the advice is that it is indiscriminate and for the rare spirits mentioned above it is fatal.

Some of the best musicians in the University are not connected with any of the musical clubs and the best writers find little of interest in the college papers as an activity. They realize perfectly that for them the "making" of an organization is like the chaff which the wind driveth away and the invitation to the soul of far greater importance. And they are true enough to the Harvard ideal of indifference to turn aside from the vanity round about. They acquire the great art of loafing well and from them come our poets and our philosophers.

For it is a divine gift to be able to stand apart from the littler things that buzz around. It gives one perspective, unruffled calm and a sense of humor. Too often we fail to see the forest for the trees; but from the hill beyond we can observe not only the forest as a whole but the relative unimportance of the single trees; and, descending, we are far better able to plot our course than before. We learn to distinguish the unimportant vexation from the important and laugh until it ceases to annoy. We find that seemingly crushing defeat quickly loses its sting and importance. "Why all this pother about Liberal and Conservative policies?" asks the recluse and student of history to the prime minister in the play, "A hundred years from now all these laws will be found to have followed some general trend." We attain a clearer vision.

If Harvard can teach a man appreciation, in some degree, of the book, the pipe, the open fireplace; if it can teach him that a tramp across country is not loss when laboring candidacy for some organization is pure gain; if it can teach him that the seventeen courses of study are but a small part of a liberal education—why then, i' faith, it

will have done well. Eight hours in the world are considered a working day; eight hours are spent in sleep. For the remainder, the man who has learned to loaf well is getting the best of life.

*Charles Merrill Rogers, Jr.*

---

THE SOURCE OF A SONG

I met you in the warm springtime  
When love first dawned in me,  
And from my dumb, still lips a rhyme  
Soared upward dreamily.

I heard the lyric lines express  
In cadence sure and strong  
Your perfect grace and loveliness  
Imprisoned in my song.

From out my tuneless heart there went  
The melody you made;  
I was the broken instrument  
On which your beauty played.

No measure of the song assures  
An origin divine,—  
The simple harmony was yours;  
The words, perhaps, were mine.

*Charles H. Weston.*



*THERE WAS ONE*

Fine streaks of silver light from the setting sun athwart the low gray sky clutched like the skinny fingers of a giant hand at the little schooner dipping and dodging among the huge waves.

"Look!" cried the old sailor at the wheel, "there's a sunset for you!"

The four or five seamen who were drawing out the trawls near by paused in their work to look over their shoulders at the strange phenomenon. But perhaps this sight is not so unusual off the Grand Banks, for they showed little interest, and turned stupidly back to their lines and their nets.

One of the men, however, a brawny chap with curly hair, looked at the western sky again after a few moments, and then sprang to his feet.

"Ho, Schoolma'am!" he shouted in a heavy voice. "Ain't you goin' to look? This ain't no or'nary sight."

But the slender young man to whom he spoke said nothing. He was sitting somewhat apart from the rest, on a coil of rope; his elbows were on his knees, and his pale face was buried in his white hands. Once he did raise his eyes to the setting sun for an instant, but the effort made him dizzy; he would have rolled from his seat, if he had not quickly caught at a rope to save himself. And then his head dropped back into his hands.

The brawny fellow laughed. "He ain't interested no more. And all morning he was chirping to see one of them skies that old sailors tell things by. And now will he heave an eye-lash? Don't care what it's a sign of, eh? Tell 'im, Father Wise-Whiskers, does it mean a blow, or what?"

The old man at the wheel turned his bright little bird-like eyes up to the sky. "I ain't no prophet," he said cheerily, "but I've seen it afore, I have, and it ain't no sign to scoff at, that ain't."

He smiled and winked to the older seamen, who nodded and grinned in return. Then hooking one arm over a spoke of the wheel, he added slowly, pointing with his hand: "The day don't die alone, when it clutches into the night with them skinny claws. It's after a companion."

The pale young man raised his head to gaze wonderingly at the old steersman, who hastened to add more literally: "It's a death, that's what it means. I've seen it afore."

"Aye," said one of the older seamen, adopting a mournful tone in utter contrast to the cheery expression of his weatherbeaten countenance. "Member Wilks? Poor Wilks? Never a better man than Wilks. And he died, Wilks."

"An' Flinnders," spoke up another. "A man what had never had his boots off, never been sick or nothing. An' he saw the sign, an' he seemed to know his time was come, for he didn't swear none that night, an' was more quiet, which wasn't Flinnders' way, an' in the morning we looked in his bunk, an' there he lay stark as a haddock."

"Aye, that's what's got to be, when the sun shows a skinny hand like that," said the old steersman, with a shake of his head that sent his gray whiskers flying wildly about him in the breeze. Then turning to the slender young man, crouched among the ropes, he added, after staring very hard at him:

"What's the matter? *You're* not sick, are you? No, no, don't tell me *you* are sick?"

The young fellow looked about dizzily without answering. He staggered to his feet and crept forward along by the bulwarks of the mad little ship. Just before he disappeared down the forecabin companionway, he tripped and fell headlong over the ship's cat; and the cat was black.

"Poor fellow!" remarked the sturdy chap with the curly hair, bending to his work again.

But the steersman's eye twinkled merrily, and the older sailors grinned.

## II

Richard Dingleberry, waking from a troubled sleep in the dead of the following night, and finding himself in one of the narrow bunks in the dingy forecabin of the little schooner, recalled like a flash the ominous sunset and the words of the old steersman. It was his first experience of the sea. He vowed it should be his last. To him, accustomed all his life to the comparative stability of a long-legged stool on the firm even floor of the little office where he was clerk, this restless heaving and tossing, this endless up and down was a terrible sensation. So he groaned. What a fool he had been to come. To idle away his hard-won vacation on a fishing boat—idiotic idea! But there had been the fascination of rigging and ropes, the ecstatic thought of dancing freely on the ocean wave. And there was the rugged health of the fishermen, their admirable tan. These things had lured him on. And then had come the waves.

He was not a sturdy chap. Clerks seldom are. His bony fingers and his pale cheek had gained him the title of Schoolma'am at the first moment he came aboard. He did not mind. His return would show him a different man. That was the thing after all, the return. How his fellow-clerks would crowd round him admiring his brown arm and his ruddy cheek. Ah, the return! And when the pretty typewriter should give him her purple finger-tips to shake, how the others would envy him!

But then the waves had grown big and rough and treacherous. They crowded upon the little vessel from all sides, tossing it lightly and then letting it fall crashing back into a yawning gulf. And the sun had lost its warmth. All day he had been obliged to cling to rails and crouch among the ropes. The schooner was a mad thing. He shivered with cold. He was dizzy, and felt very miserable.

And now, lying in a narrow wooden berth in the dingy forecabin, listening to the wind in the rigging above and the waves thundering against the rough walls, he felt a vague terror steal upon him, slowly and resistlessly, like the long skinny fingers of the setting sun. What was this wild superstition of the sailors? Bah! Must sailors' prophecies always come true? Strange he could remember reading of no exception. He recalled what he had heard about Poor Wilks, and the story about Flinnders. And the greedy hand of the dying day

came closer and closer. That was a sign that only the sailors had understood; but then he had tripped and fallen over the ship's cat, and it was a black cat. None need tell him the meaning of that.

He shivered. The damp air of the forecastle, heavy with the cold smoke of tobacco, greasy with the smell of soiled clothes and scraps of food, fell like ice on his burning forehead. Something was ringing in his ears, and he thought it was the voice of the old steersman. "A death," it kept repeating, "a death, a death!"

He raised himself on his elbow, holding fast to the edge of his berth to steady himself, and peered across the dim forecastle, lighted by a smoky oil lamp that swung from the centre of the ceiling. No one in the little room was stirring. The old steersman, with the rest of the watch below, was doubtless fast asleep; after the thunder of each new wave their snores burst out like a chorus of feeble echoes.

With a feeling of utter weariness and loneliness he sank back into the hard wooden berth. Still the voice kept ringing in his ears; the ominous hand, that he seemed to feel above him when he shut his eyes came nearer and nearer. Then wandering to the office, the clerks, and the stool of his former life, his thoughts turned to the little typewriter with the purple finger-tips, and again he started up, crying half-aloud: "No, no, I can't, I can't die here!"

Suddenly his eyes became fixed, as if with an astounding thought. "A death?" he mumbled. "A death? Must there be a death?" He glanced quickly, furtively about the room, and there was a cunning look in his eyes. Then letting himself softly drop to the floor, he crept unsteadily to the table in the middle. A new hope seemed to move him. His wild glance shifted from the sleeping sailors to the table, then to the benches, the floor, the walls, the little closet, whose door stood ajar—everywhere he turned his eyes, while he clung to a corner of the table.

"Not here," he murmured. "But I must find it. In the galley, I'll find it in the galley. Yes, yes, a death, a death, there must be a death!" And muttering incoherently, he clutched his way slowly across the room to the companionway, and crept up into the howling night.

Half-an-hour later he burst into the forecastle again, wet, haggard, and dishevelled. "Ah," he sighed wearily, like one half-dead, "it is done!" Then climbing into his berth, he lay quiet.



## III

Early on the following morning the sun was shining brightly on the little ship and the rolling waves. The old steersman stood at the wheel, the brawny young fellow with the curly head was splicing a rope, and the rest of the sailors were hauling out their nets close by.

"Look!" said the old man, pointing an arm forward, "there's the Schoolma'am chipper as a gull!"

Every head turned to stare at the young clerk who had just come on deck, and who now stood upright on the fore-hatch, his legs wide, to guard against the sudden plunging of the vessel, while he gazed off to the southeast, where a school of dolphin kept diving up into the sunshine.

"Ha!" said one of the seamen, "he don't look none the worse now."

"Never seen him heartier," added the brawny young fellow in a wondering tone. "That ought to take the wind out of Old Whiskers. D'you know, I thought he was meaning him, when he spoke that there last night."

Then turning to the old man, he cried, "Ho, Father Wise-Whiskers, where's your death?"

The old man turned his head slowly to look up at the sun before replying:

"There was one, wasn't there?"

"Devil-hash!" laughed curly head. "Don't you see he's come up looking spick-an'-span? You haven't any dead men to show, have you?"

"I say there was a death," returned the old man.

"On this ship?"

"I ain't named no other, have I?"

A momentary silence followed, during which all were startled by the sudden flying up of the poop-hatch cover, and in the small square opening, up bobbed the cook's bald head, like a jack-in-the-box with a ladle; so that none could find a word for surprise till he stood wiping his hands on his checkered apron in the midst of them.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, bringing the greasy apron up to his head, to mop his face; and when he took it away, there was a perplexed wrinkle between his eyebrows.

"Can't find him nowhere," he said. "Found galley-door open, called him, hunted all over the ship, but he warn't to be found."

"Of course, of course!" said the old steersman cheerily; and all eyes became turned on him, while the cook shuffled off to look into the dories lashed amidships.

"But who is it he's hunting for?" asked the brawny young fellow.

"Who?—Arsk Dan'l here; he knows a thing or two on it, as he was telling me."

"Not I," spoke up one of the seamen, "being at the wheel and all that. But there was something powerful odd in the middle o' the night, though I couldn't well see, as I say, an' it being maybe on'y the wind besides, but it sounded like a thin sort o' cry at first, an' then something went over the side into the sea. Maybe it *was* a dolphin, mind you, an' it seemed rather to fly through the air, but for all I could see, being at the wheel an' all that, it might have been——"

"Aye," cried the cook, who had returned. "There's no doubt about it, it must have been him. He's not to be found nowhere."

"Who the devil do you mean?" cried the brawny fellow, desperately. "Who can't you find? Who do you mean?"

"Who?" said the cook. "Why, Tommy, the cat."

*Charles C. Petersen.*

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### AN ITALIAN SALT SHIP

I saw her first hull down on the horizon, a relic of the old square-rigger days. Her many sails, barely distinguishable from one another in the distance, were radiant with the soft light which comes of a hazy afternoon. Ahead of her and about her on the broad stretch of ocean were other vessels: fishing schooners of Gloucester, handsome in spite of their weather-worn sails; a coasting schooner or two, high-sided and clumsy; pleasure boats, little sloops whose sails were

lost beside those of the larger craft; and, off in the direction of Provincetown, four battleships, each one a line of smoke and two fighting masts against the sky.

There was something inspiring about seeing her under full sail. It was perhaps a little because of the great spread of her canvas, perhaps a little because of the afternoon light upon it, but most of all because she seemed like a picture from the past. She suggested the days of the clipper ship, of Lord Nelson's ships-of-the-line and the frigate "Constitution," of piracy and long cutlasses, when romance oozed from every plank. Somehow the romance of the high seas seems bound up in top-gallant sails and main-royal sails and yards far more than in foresails and propellers and iron rivets. I could imagine her to be the "Water Witch" entering Boston Bay after a two years' trip around the globe, or the "Flying Cloud" off San Francisco eighty-nine days out from New York.

Before the wind she drew on, her sails growing larger and larger and her hull becoming more and more distinct, until, at the time of sunset calm, she lay in the mouth of the harbor with drooping sails and gray-green hull quiveringly reflected from the water. Little men crawled out on her yardarms and tugging and pulling away at her sails, one after another furled them all. Then they disappeared, leaving only a network of ropes and spars silhouetted against the after-glow. Someone sounded a blast of a horn. A tug appeared from the inner harbor and slowly towed her toward an anchorage. There was a distinct splash, a clanking of chains, a farewell hoot from the tug, and the square rigger lay at anchor.

I rowed out to her that evening. Her steel construction and her modern parts were not visible in the moonlight; and with the light shining from her portholes, the sound of jabbering Italian voices coming from below, and the shadowy masts and rigging, she seemed a picture of the past. "Cara Santa Maria of Assunta" I read on her bows in the moonlight. Surely everything was in keeping—even the line of red, which suddenly appeared in the dark waters forward of her bow-spirit and so suddenly disappeared again as the harbor light flashed.

*A. Calvert Smith.*

*BALLADE OF THE WILDERED MAN**From the Old French of Charles of Orleans*

In the sad wood of wearisome lament,  
One time it happened that upon my way  
One called me, asking where I went;  
It was the love-enticing goddess-fay.  
And I responded: Fortune, lackaday,  
Has placed me exiled in these groves,  
So that with right, to call myself I may,  
The wildered man who knows not where he goes.

She, smiling sweet in her great tenderness  
Replied to me: My friend, did I perceive  
The reason you are placed in this distress,  
You would as I am able, help receive;  
And since I willed your heart should joy receive,  
Now, where that joy has gone no mortal knows,  
And thus for you in your sad state I grieve,—  
The wildered man who knows not where he goes.

Alas! I said, my princess sovereign,  
Then know my fate, for why should I not tell?  
It is by Death, who gives to each one pain,—  
He bore away her whom I loved so well,  
In whom my every hope did always dwell,  
Who guided me, companioned me so close  
In all her life that now I find myself  
The wildered man who knows not where he goes.

*J. R. Reinhard.*

*A PAGE FROM THE LIFE OF THE MISSING LINK*

When his pet dinosaur sneezed and blew him across the river, it was the last straw. The missing link seated himself on a boulder, rubbed the spot in his hairy back whence he figured his tail would have emanated had he been a monkey, and wondered what sensation the possession of a tail gave one. Previously he had always enjoyed the distinction which attended his position as the only missing link in existence. A certain delightful ignorance of the manner of his appearance in the world, making him an object of interest to all, had endowed his life with unusual zest. The newly-risen, smooth-skinned creatures, who were called men, said he was undoubtedly descended from the monkeys, and his parents had been ashamed to acknowledge him. This the monkeys indignantly denied, though being of inferior intellectual qualities to man they were unable to advance a scientific counter-theory. Their explanation was that he "just grewed." And the two species—the men and the monkeys—fought over him. And monkeys chattered, and men said guttural things, and the missing link, since he knew the language of both, acted as interpreter and enjoyed immensely the stir he was making.

Then love had come into his life. Daily he had searched out a fallen tree in the forest, and dragging it to the river bank had floated on it down stream to the village of men, there to catch if he might a glimpse of one of their daughters. Ugly enough she was, judged even in those days when the Maker of men was as yet unpracticed in his art; but he loved her—her dark brown skin, her shining eyes, her thick lips. He did not speak to her on his daily visit, only seeing her perhaps in the distance, and then with a great vague happiness in his heart, breaking back through the five miles of tropical forest to his home. Evenings would find him seated on the river bank, leaning against the forepaw of his dinosaur, whose huge sympathetic body extended far into the depths of the jungle.

One day crashing homeward from his visit down stream he met one of the children of men—met him so forcibly that the man dropped a heavy stone he was carrying, and hopped about, and held on to his toe which had received the stone, and grunted angrily and unintelligibly for several minutes. The missing link did not notice what he said, however; he was looking at the stone. It was a great square slab of granite, chiseled deep with a strange uneven figure.

"What is that?" inquired the missing link.

The man grew angrier than before, and redoubled his swearing grunts until the missing link took him by the neck with his hairy right hand and squeezed. Then the man gave in, for he was well nigh killed. A week later you could have seen four long distinct black marks the hairy fingers had made in the brown of his throat.

"That is a love token," he gasped.

"More," demanded the missing link.

"We give them to the daughter we love," continued the man sulkily. "If she think the stone be heavy enough, we win her."

"And the mark?"

"With these." The man drew forth a heavy round stone and a narrow edged one like black glass from his tiger skin.

"Good!" said the missing link, and as the man was struggling to lift the stone from the ground, he leaned over and with one hand raised it for him. Since he was part monkey he was far stronger than the sons of men.

Also since he was part monkey he was far less skillful. For six days he worked making the strange uneven figure of a circle cut by a line in the great stone he had chosen, and on the sixth night in the solitude he staggered with it down through the forest and placed it before her hutch. In the morning when she arose and saw it, her heart beat fast within her breast.

"What manner of the sons of men hath borne me this?" she asked, and looked about her; and saw him standing at the edge of the forest, waiting. A hard, harsh laugh, which made him think of a tree snake coiling about its prey, resounded through the village. Men and women rushed out circling about her.



"Look, look," she cried, "what the missing link hath brought me! He thought I wished a floor of stone for my hut!" Again the harsh laugh rang out. "The missing link, the man-monkey, he with the hairy hide and hands and the monkey's black nostrils! And see, he is clumsy. There are dark drippings of clotted blood in the lines of the token and in the roughness of the stone where he hath cut himself with the flint." And again and again, until they were lost in the distance, the missing link heard the harsh laugh and the shouts of the others as he plunged wildly away through the jungle.

The dinosaur told someone that the next week was the most nerve-racking of his life. He spent it lumbering about in the dense tangle, rescuing his master from the progenitor of the lion, the python, and the crocodile, from death by drowning and death by starvation. But such madness could not last forever. Eventually philosophy asserted itself.

"Hell!" said the missing link, "I'm a missing link! The only one of my kind in the world. I'm going to be famous. Books will be written about me. Darwin will immortalize me. The world will spend its time talking about me and searching for me. Let me be content with that. Though I am a little higher than the monkeys, I am a little lower than men. I have aspired too greatly. A daughter of men was not for me. Fame is enough."

Whereupon he began playfully to punch the pet dinosaur's nose until that beast roared with ecstasy.

Four days later he loved again, this time a maiden of the monkey tribe. Instead of being the ugliest of her kind as was the daughter of men, she was the most beautiful monkey of the forest. Each night the branches of her tree drooped almost to the ground with the weight of suitors who hung by their tails from twilight till dawn to show their devotion. Of her the missing link was not afraid as he had been of the daughter of men. Day after day he would swing through the forest branches at her side. Moreover she seemed interested in him, so one day he asked her straightforwardly a question.

"Tonight," she said, "I will give you my answer."

That night he went to the appointed spot in the forest to meet her. "I will marry you," she said, "on one condition." As the joy

leapt into his heart at her words, he heard for an instant a rustling in the treetops.

"That you prove your devotion by our custom," she continued. "You must hang tonight from my tree by your tail." Then out of the treetops poured a mighty tumult of gibberish, shrieking laughter, and on every side monkeys dropped like ripe cocoanuts. The missing link stood shamefacedly stupefied.

"Fool," she cried, "Tailless one. I am of the monkey people. You are of no kind. To think I would marry one with the face of a man and the feet of an elephant—too flat and stiff to grip a branch. Go! Get a tail before you hope to take one of the monkeys for a wife." And again the mighty gibberish laugh arose from the surrounding throng.

There was no raving after that. The missing link walked back and forth, back and forth, on a ten-yard stretch of bank until the dinosaur, who knew nothing about it all, found him in the morning. It was then the last straw came. As he went half-heartedly about the affectionate morning punching of the pet beast's nose, his hand slipped into the nostril and scratched a ticklish spot. Next moment he found himself prone on the opposite bank of the river. With a terrible wrinkling of his tough eyelids, and a drawback of ten feet on to his hind haunches the dinosaur had sneezed.

So the missing link picked himself up, sat down on a boulder, rubbed the spot in his hairy back whence he figured his tail would have emanated had he been a monkey, and wondered what sensation the possession of a tail gave one. Then he contemplated his hands scarred with the hammering, and the cuts of the black flint; and then moved painfully the arm on which he had landed when the dinosaur sneezed, and looked across the river to where the dinosaur sat grinning.

"Hell," he said, "What's fame? Nobody loves a missing link."

*A. Calvert Smith.*

*THE BREEZE*

Hark, the breeze  
Comes a-whispering and a-crooning through the trees,  
Singing low,  
Soft and low,  
A dimly vibrant lullaby from out the distant years.  
Like a tender childish prayer  
Whispered to the ear of night  
Taking flight,  
It will bear a silvery message to the golden, astral spheres.  
Has the lover's smothered sigh—  
Still born cry  
Of despair—  
Grown into this restless rustling  
And this melancholy bustling  
In the air?  
'Tis some overburdened heart  
Beating in the lambent ether,  
Making moan, far apart,  
For companion ghost beneath her,  
Till together they shall scale the scarred and craggy mount of  
tears.  
Now the breeze  
Comes a-swirling and a-soughing over hills and over leas.  
Ever on and ever on  
Has the toiling traveler gone,  
For each end is the beginning  
Of another end for winning,—  
Still there comes the weary panting  
As the sunset rays shoot slanting  
Through the sky,—

Still the murmur of the dying  
In the hollow gusts goes flying  
Far and high,  
While the wind's unhappy minions circle thrice the rampant  
earth.  
In a bacchanalian snore  
(Palpitating,  
Acerbating,  
Loud and long,  
Sing-song)  
East winds roll across the shore;  
And the breakers over-bowed  
On the sprawling sand dunes crowd  
'Mid the booming and the rumbling of a sea-god's boisterous  
mirth.

W.

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### CHAPTERS FROM A SUMMER ROMANCE

John Corly walked along slowly in the afternoon shadows. The trail that he followed was little more than a brown streak threading its way among ferns and dead leaves. Here and there a blaze marked off by thick brown edges or covered with dark beads of sap distinguished it from the neighboring deer runs. To the left of the trail a small stream spilled over mossy ledges into long, quiet, opalescent pools. Except the soft splashing of water over rocks scarcely a sound broke the quiet that had descended upon the woods. The breeze, redolent with the odor of balsam, drifted silently by. Then an old gray squirrel began scolding hoydenishly from the side of a great hemlock and a hermit thrush could be heard trilling in the distance.

In the midst of a clump of white birches John Corly was stopped short by a sight that suddenly quickened the beating of his heart. Clashed around a tree beside the brook he saw two lithe arms, and pressing against its side, two knees clad in blue bloomers.

Instinctively he called out, "Can't I help you?"

The arms and knees relaxed their hold. A slim, wiry-looking girl, her hair braided and bound back close about her head, stood facing him. Dark brown eyes met his light blue ones in a steady gaze.

"My hook's caught up in that first branch," the girl said in a matter-of-fact tone, indicating a silvery line that dropped from the midst of green leaves to a fishing rod on the ground.

"I'll get it down in a second," Corly promised her. He hitched himself up painfully and with an open penknife hacked off the branch.

"Do you ever fish?" the girl asked as he dropped down panting beside her.

"Yes, indeed."

"The way you say that makes me think you're a real devotee. Won't you take my line and try a couple of casts?"

He chose a spot where foam and ripples spread themselves out in a broken white line over a pool reflecting dimly the dark brown of its rocky sides. For a moment his fly was dancing in the rapids. Then the dark body of a trout lifted itself into the air, the line taunted and the light bamboo rod bent on itself.

"Keep him on top; I'll land him with the net," commanded the girl.

From a sloping ledge she leaned far out over the water until she could scoop the fish up in the net. With dexterous hands she caught him as he flopped about helplessly in the meshes, forced a finger down his throat and quietly broke his back.

"What a beauty! A good twelve inches!" she cried holding up a limp body that shone in the sun in a sheen of slime.

"What a beauty!" she repeated ecstatically, while a little trickle of blood ran down her hand.

The triumphant, graceful figure of the young girl against the witching background of light and shadow John Corly carried back with him on the trail home. He walked buoyantly, happy to let his fancy deck this dryad of his with color and meaning. Strange it is how a trifle will sometimes grip the heart of man while a thousand greater events bind it no more than ropes of sand. The emotions that are constantly sweeping around him he treats as strangers more

or less welcome; until there finally comes one to which he pays instant worship, knowing that it was fated to enslave him.

It was a mutual acquaintance who formally introduced them to each other after dinner in the single hotel at Center Lake. Previously Corly had been told, "She's a Van Kemp, old Boston family, but doesn't go out in society much."

The friend having drifted away, they sauntered down to the shore of the lake. In one of the canoes lying on the dock they pushed out over the water. The sun, sinking behind a wooded ridge, had flung above a last patch of orange light. Over a mountain on the opposite side of the lake the clouds were drifting, rose-tinted. Occasionally a gray wrack floated by, lower down, in the darkness of shadow. To the north and south the lake stretched away to the indigo haze of distant forests and the pale shroud of the sky. The water was very still and seemed to enfold those who fared over it silently in the white robes of romance.

Not to be simulated was the reverential awe that had fallen upon John Corly and Miss Van Kemp in that moment when day and night knit hands across immeasurable gulfs. A solemn community of spirit had established itself between them. Years could not have brought them as close together as this single common look into the face of eternity.

The fire of sunset had burnt itself out and the clouds had begun to look like flaky ashes when Miss Van Kemp asked, "Don't you treasure such a sight as one of the most precious things in life?"

"Yes," he answered, "and how strange it is that most people don't feel the glory of it."

Miss Van Kemp sighed. "I can't help thinking," she said, "of the poor in the city who have never had a chance to look on a scene like this."

"They haven't any poetry in them anyway, have they?" Corly asked.

She left the question unanswered for a time while the canoe slid noiselessly over the water. Then in a lower voice, as if she were telling something of deep personal interest, she said, "If you care to listen, I'll tell you sometime about my work as a probation officer."

It's been intensely interesting and it's taught me what high aspirations can be found in the most abandoned creatures if you only look for them in the right way."

The half-hour together when the stars were first peeping forth high overhead united these two in a mystic understanding of which no one, perhaps, could have fathomed the cause. Who would analyze too closely the mystery of love? John Corly found himself grown sprightly and gay or dreamy and melancholy as the touch of a hand or the turn of a head shuffled him back and forth between rapture and despondency. Many times he burned with uncontrollable jealousy and many times he gave himself over to unreasoning self-doubt and distrust. His spirit was like a ship flying before the winds of passion straight toward the port of matrimony.

They were sitting on a bench overlooking the lake one evening when a word from Miss Van Kemp forced all his half-matured thoughts and feelings to take shape. "A telegram has come calling me back for special probation work," she told him.

"Surely you're not going?" Corly asked anxiously.

"I must: summons of a superior officer."

Corly's hands tightened on the bench. His head swam. For a moment what was far seemed to be near and the near had receded far away. The stars danced before his eyes like pollen dust and the girl within his arm's length had passed into an ill-defined phantom. The summer and he meant nothing to her, then, since she would leave at a word from a city official. How strangely people gyrate around each other, conversing with eloquent words and looks, only to find themselves in the end misunderstood, half-understood, or at best, understood and despised! What was he to do now, torn as he was between love and pride? Waveringly he raised his eyes to Miss Van Kemp. The moonlight fell across a pale, sensitive face and a noble, queenly neck, making them appear statuesque. Wonder, worship and longing filled him and swept aside the last barriers of fear and indecision.

"I must go," Miss Van Kemp had said, rising.

"Oh, no, don't go yet," he cried, clutching her hand and holding it. "You mustn't go away at all—I mean, you mustn't waste your



time looking after those wretched girls. Don't you know I love you more than anything else in the world? If you'll marry me I'll spend my whole life trying to make you happy."

She sat down again, but freed her hand. "Mr. Corly," she said, "you have formed a wrong idea of me if you think that I consider helping those poor city girls a waste of time."

"But that's so trivial compared to love!" he exclaimed passionately.

"I can't consider it so," she said. "I've planned to make my life of service and I think that's where my duty lies."

At the edge of the lake the waves were lapping softly and musically, but in John Corly's heart there was only bewilderment and a confused kind of anger. At length he asked, "Is there any hope for me at all?"

"There might be, just possibly, if——"

"If," he echoed.

"If you wouldn't mind my keeping on with my work."

"Do you mean you would like to be a probation officer *after you were married?*" he asked bitterly.

"Why not? It could be arranged."

Outraged conventionality, chivalry, masculine vanity, all that was deepest in John Corly drove him to his feet. "No, I can't stand that," he remarked, glowering over Miss Van Kemp. "I can't lose my self-respect for you or anyone."

Thereupon he turned on his heel and strode off into the night.

C. H. W.



*A SONG OF SEASONS*

Last eve the blast was strong upon the field,  
And night was full of wind and storm;  
But morn serene an earth in calm revealed,  
And all the world was warm.

Last eve the surgy sea was big with wrath,  
A vast chaotic wilderness;  
Yet morning traced its wavering sheeny path  
O'er rippled loveliness.

Ah me! how short ago upon that hill  
White winter's thrilling silence lay;  
But now the shimmering woods are never still  
Beneath spring's azure day.

Yet storm will follow calm, as night the day,  
And tempest still o'erspread the sea,  
And spring through summer's wealth will pass away  
To chill sterility.

O world and universe of ceaseless change  
Whose moving seasons pass and flee,  
O shifting tides of time! Yet seems it strange  
To feel life slip from me.

And yet again unto the day returns  
Clear calm, and sunlight to the sea,  
And budding to the heart of winter yearns  
The germ of spring-to-be.

O time, perchance it may be so with me;  
So all the half-formed, unwrought hopes,  
The purposes, the things life could not be  
May lie where morning opes:—

After the silence of the earthly tomb,  
Far off in some futurity,  
The still unopened bud achieves its bloom,  
The soul its destiny.

*Edward Moses.*

## Editorials

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### CONCERNING OURSELF

A bore has often been defined as a man who talks of himself when you want to talk of yourself. In like manner tyrannical custom decrees that editorial writers shall not devote their paragraphs to the sense of their own importance in the general scheme of things. Yet at a time when authors are not only allowed, but encouraged, to make public their confessions, it does not seem amiss for a literary paper to "confess" to its readers. We hasten, accordingly, to slam the door in the face of precedent and to cast away mock modesty in order that we may pipe our own praises for the nonce and trumpet abroad our "purposes" as manfully as may be.

The aim of the HARVARD MONTHLY being to cherish literary ideals, in what spirit is the word "literary" to be interpreted? Surely we do not wish to limit ourselves to that which is literary in the strictly orthodox sense. Our verse must be given a freer range than what is afforded it by the heart thrills of a sylph-like Gwendolen on a spring day. Discarding all narrow tests, we welcome whatever the undergraduate can write that is forceful, brilliant or even merely conspicuously intelligent. Since we take ourselves seriously, moreover, and are full of the conceit of writing, we also from time to time give attention to the more abstract questions of philosophy and art, that a fitting arena be provided undergraduate thought and criticism.

Our strongest appeal is made to that much traduced and somewhat mythical person, the intellectual student. Him we would induct, artfully, and as it were, without his knowledge, to wider fields of culture. Through him we even hope to make the valuations of what is termed "college life" a little wiser than they appear at present. On the whole, our achievement will be slight while our ambition remains great; even as our public has always been esteemed not for its numbers, but for its discrimination.

### TO THE FRESHMEN

Somewhere in the background of our mind there lingers the memory of a reception that was tendered us as Freshmen in Phillips Brooks House. One after another men prominent in student activities rose up to give advice to the neophytes of the collegiate world assembled before them. One after another they enjoined us to throw ourselves body and soul into some one of those affairs in which they had won success. This invocation to the "strenuous life" was the purport, too, of the counsel heaped upon us by all seniors whom we chanced to meet in our early college days.

To the recluse and the sluggard the seniors spoke sagely. Earnest mingling in the competitions of student life may waken the former from the torpor of too close attention to his books and the latter from the apathy that springs from devotion to personal ease. Yet it is our firm conviction that there are others for whom the admonition of the seniors would be the height of unwisdom. Among such we number our embryonic poets, philosophers and scholars,—truly, from any proper standard, the men who are the elect of our community. To such men and those who sympathize with them we are happy to address our modest, but sincere, "Homily for Freshmen."

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### A COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION

During the summer an interesting attempt has been made to prepare the way for the formation of a Press Association among the northern colleges. The Editor-in-Chief of the *Vassar Miscellany*, feeling the need of a "closer connection between college magazines," addressed a letter to the editors of the leading college monthlies asking them whether they would be willing to coöperate in the effort to start an organization similar to the Southern College Press Association. The object of this Association is, to quote from its constitution, "to promote the standard and welfare of journalism in the colleges of the South, to stimulate especially those college men that have a tendency to make letters their life work," and "to set a premium upon academic authorship and editorship." These ends are to be attained by means

### Editorial

It is hard to decide just what to say in regard to Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson which will remind the University of the duty which it owes to him, to itself and, perhaps, to the undergraduates as well. Comment upon the actor himself is almost an impertinence, so little can one hope to speak adequately. But the University can be reminded of the production of Hamlet in the Elizabethan manner which was given by Sir Johnston in Sanders Theatre, and no matter what disillusion may have been suffered concerning our artistic interests, we can ask that an opportunity for another performance be offered. Even the Dramatic Club, distinguished as it already is, might find it not disgraceful to interest itself in this. And if the performance actually take place the distinguished actor may be promised at least as large an undergraduate attendance as is seen at the Symphony Concerts on Thursday nights.

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### FAITH

When to the wakening woods the song-bird's call  
Reveals the fleeting soul of ecstasy,  
When in the woodland glades, untouched by man  
Triumphant Spring breathes forth her rhapsody;  
Then, Lord, Thy Vision seems as real and near  
As light, soft sifting through the May morn haze,  
Who would not see Thee, and believe Thee here  
In these Thy chosen days!

When o'er the dreary town the black smoke falls,  
And dims the dismal dwellings where exist  
The sad-eyed victims of unending want  
Who slink despondent through the noon-tide mist;  
Then, Lord, Thy Vision seems so real and near  
From all these tired, hopeless eyes,  
How can the gaze which never seeks the Star,  
Find Thee beyond the skies?

*Robert S. Hillyer.*

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# The HARVARD MONTHLY~



## CONTENTS

<b>The Ancient Theme.</b> Gilbert Vivian Seldes...	63
<i>The Troubadour—Sonnet of Provence.</i> C. H. Jacobs	69
Anne. A. Calvert Smith.....	70
Pygmalion's Galatea. Standish Hall.....	79
Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son. Irving Pichel....	80
Timothy Maloney's Conscience Richard Dana Skinner	89
A Glimpse of Boston. R. G. Nathan.....	94
The Dark Flower—A Review. I. K. Moyse..	95
The Fishing Fleet. J. Garland.....	100

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**THE ANCIENT THEME\***

There is something strange and inquieting in the work of Mr. John Hall Wheelock; it is a quality which like some quick essence provokes analysis and escapes in the process; but it is pervasive as all volatile things, and evanescent. It is this quality which makes me always think of Mr. Wheelock's work not as arrangements in rhythm, nor as pictures and images, nor even in any terms of beauty, but as realities, dimly apprehended, of which the pungency, the tone, odor and atmosphere appeal most directly. What is inchoate and infelicitous in Mr. Wheelock, his audacities and *bizarceries*, are the price he pays for the very immediacy of appeal. He shouts out his songs or cries aloud in pain; he is responsive to every voice uttered in the common carnival of life, and even what is dumb moves him to words. He is dazzled with wonder at his own heart and lost in adoration of the world it reveals to him. It is no wonder, then, that to such a poet, grace of form and loveliness of expression are trivial and inconsequent; he is so amorous of life that all life is one to him, and so passionate in his speech that if he attains mere intelligibility, he is satisfied.

Criticism of such a poet is a particularly ungrateful occupation because it can mean only criticism of the poet's philosophy; we must approve, or quarrel with the life which the poet sees and expresses. It has always seemed justifiable to me that the artist should say, Grant me by subject, my *donnée* and criticise only what I make of it. But this method is inapplicable to Mr. Wheelock's work in general, and in

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\*Love and Liberation. Boston: Sherman, French & Co., 1913.

the case of his new book is positively misleading. To treat this poet as Francis Jeffrey treated Wordsworth would undoubtedly do him a great deal of good, but it would miss the essential thing as certainly as Jeffrey often did. And, as far as I know, Mr. Wheelock has no theory of writing, so that if his work suffers for lack of a sound principle, it is at least free from the intolerable intentional crudities of a bad one. If he is content to risk his reputation among the judicious by his continual tugging at the imagination, by his unrestrained and often slovenly work, why that is Mr. Wheelock's affair. The fact that the method seems vicious to me, and the poet far too good to stoop to it, does not alter in the least my admiration for the tremendous success which, in the limitations of his method, he has been able to achieve. He has, in fact, achieved perfect beauty in one isolated instance:

And rhythmically your bosom's arches  
Alternately, with every breath  
Lift lifeward in long lines of beauty  
And lapse along the slope of death.

Of all our poets, Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson alone could have done as well. This stanza happens to come from Mr. Wheelock's new book; and although the figure is repeated again and again, (a method neither original nor successful with the author,) there is nothing here, nor in the earlier volumes, to equal it. There is something significant in this lack of beauty; what it is may become clearer when the more clamorous question of Mr. Wheelock's theme has been discussed.

The theme is, of course, Mr. Wheelock's sole interest in his poems; and those who recall his first two books ("The Human Fantasy" and "The Beloved Adventure") can readily understand why. In his first volume Mr. Wheelock used the slender thread of a story of first love in the city, to bind poems of the most diverse theme and interest. Of the hero, the poet himself wrote: "At any rate it was by falling in love with her that he first fell in love with the world of men and women." The experience which this book summed up is nothing new to anyone who has gone through even the most callow infatuation; what made it wonderful in "The Human Fantasy" was the inclusiveness of the poet's vision; "Everything has meaning to me," he seemed to cry.

In the ecstasy of his love he embraced all things, the noble and the ridiculous, the pathetic and the bizarre. The confusion of life became truly a gorgeous carnival for him, its misery became tragic and solemn, its tragedy was lifted to ultimate grandeur. A second book seemed impossible, yet "The Beloved Adventure" showed no waning of this high spirit; what was the beloved adventure but the adventure of life. The poet was obsessed at times by the sea, but the sea expressed the new profundity of his spirit, the depths which in his earlier volume had remained unsounded. A girl's eyes still held all mystery for him, the wonder and the lure of beauty played about him; a harlot's jeer was all tragedy; No. 42 who declared he was the Christ, was all pathos. The poignancy of lost youth left him almost sweetly sad. In "The Human Fantasy" he had written:

Glad-hearted, well and reckless,  
Magnanimous and merry,  
My lost one — O, my youth!

and nothing could illustrate better the change in temper than this, from the second volume:

Vanished, vanished, vanished, all crumbled with the years,  
All the promise broken and all the dream undone;  
Even my love for you, sealed with so many tears,  
My golden foolish youth—alas where is it gone?

So, if everything does not become beautiful to this poet, as has been said, nothing at least, is trivial; that is why he is at once the most personal and the least egotistical of poets.

But Mr. Wheelock's new book is not fashioned as these were and the claim which it makes to be in their company is a claim which I, for one, cannot allow. The vigor of phrase, the unending metaphors, the stylistic uncouthness remain, but the spirit is other, and the theme of this book is wan and mean beside the overflowing inspiration of its predecessors. It is called "Love and Liberation," but there is precious little of the second, and far too much of the first. We are not unused to the spectacle of young poets devoting themselves to the ancient theme; but it is hard to recall any great poet who has done so with the fervor and the abjectness of Mr. Wheelock. Love has always been Mr. Wheelock's subject; it was the background for the glorious poetry

of the city in "The Human Fantasy," and it gave meaning to earth and sea in "The Beloved Adventure." It can, of course, be held that the city and the sea were accompaniments to the love-motif in these books, but the distinction is beside the point. The difference between them and the new volume is that in them Love went out to and found its fulfilment in life, Love meant Life in its noblest appearance; in this book love means nothing, unless it means Lust, and it does not mean that either nobly or well. Mr. Wheelock has, in fact, ruthlessly torn away the glory and the grandeur of life to arrive at the glamour of sex.

If he has come thereby to what is known in our ridiculous modern cant as "the vital fact of life," then life is sad indeed and we may cry out that now is there nothing serious in mortality, and seek early graves. But to abstract any one thing from life and call it fundamental is an absurdity; all life is equally vital, and to say that sex is more real than society (or anything in life) is about as significant as to say that babies are more real than brigadiers. And Mr. Wheelock has known this; he has accepted all things, and has rejoiced or wept, but he has not held to the nonsense that any part of life was not vital—even sin. Nor is this theory the meaning of his later work; it is only the ironic lesson of it. Mr. Wheelock has not lost his power to sing of life; he has merely forgotten it in his tremendous preoccupation with Love, and he has suffered the inevitable fate, he that findeth his life shall lose it!

For note that while Mr. Wheelock had established himself as a poet of love in his early work, it is precisely here that he loses this distinction. The love he makes his theme leaves us cold, his passion becomes a bore, nothing else. Beauty seems all forgotten, for though the word occurs endlessly, the thing is gone. Except for the stanza I have quoted there is nothing to give us vision, and the silly repetition of the one incident of lust, which I shall not call love again, breaks up whatever intuition of loveliness we may attain; until it comes to this:

When no more at my bosom  
I lift you with each breath  
Breathing has lost its purpose —  
Each breath is a wave toward death.

I have cited Francis Jeffrey once in this essay; let me quote him now:  
*This will never do!*

Not even in death is this obsession forgotten, for on the one hundred and twenty-third page of this extraordinary volume, under the rubric Revelation and Rest, we find this:

When flushed and disheveled in your arms I lie  
In the hush of death, as once in the hush of love,  
No pity my lips would crave of yours as they die —  
Give me the old sweet wanton touch of their love!

which is abominable, and needs only this to condemn it utterly:

But e'er the ruining waters fall, and my life is carried under,  
And thy anger cleave me through as a child cuts down a flower,  
I will praise thee Lord in Hell, while my limbs are racked  
asunder,  
For the last sad sight of her face and the little grace of an hour.

For Mr. Wheelock as for Ernest Dowson there is *Impenitentia Ultima*, but what is merely gross in the one is transfigured into beauty in the other. Nor is the difference merely one of art; for to Dowson all things in love were holy; he could still yearn for chastity in his weariest debauch and cry out, "I have been faithful to you, Cinera, in my fashion," which is more a prayer than a vindication; and he could question the mystery, "why wine-stained lip and languid eye, And most unsaintly Maenad air, Should move us more than all the rare, White roses of virginity." I should not make the comparison if all this were foreign to Mr. Wheelock; but it is not. "The Human Fantasy" was a poem of renunciation, tragic and passionate beyond all the excesses of this new book. "The Beloved Adventure" held sentiment and even sentimentality — Mr. Wheelock cannot mention the harlot without one or the other — it held pathos and regret; it was gently touched with the beauty of women; it seemed finally to arrive at all the loveliness we call femininity. Where are they now?

There is one other poet whom I must quote because he is the one to whom Mr. Wheelock displayed the closest affinity; I mean Henley. There is no echo in this book of "wanton and wondrous and for ever well," for nothing in this book is so joyous, clean-favored or



exuberant as to justify the line; but it seems from another poem of Henley that the new inspiration is drawn:

Love, which is Lust, is the Lamp in the Tomb,  
Love, which is Lust, is the Call from the Gloom.

And the strife of Love's the abysmal strife,  
And the word of Love is the Word of life.

And they that go with the Word unsaid  
Though they seem of the living, are damned and dead.

But if these lines really are Mr. Wheelock's inspiration he has sadly debased them. For the Word which must be said is neither gross, nor ugly, nor — monotonous. It is, as Henley says, the word of Life. In one of his poems Mr. Wheelock calls Beethoven and Shelley, Music and Song, the saviours of men, "when from long wanderings in sensual joys, Sate, weary, we return." But this is not true; for it is not art, but life that can save us. We must live if we are to love.

I return to Mr. Wheelock's early work, for there seems something still to be said of it. In writing of "The Human Fantasy" (HARVARD MONTHLY, March, 1912), Mr. Cuthbert Wright said: "It is colossal in its patronage of life," and spoke of its brave passion for mere existence. But what, I am inclined to ask, does this love of life intend? Certainly it has not been with Mr. Wheelock the fatalistic *joie de vivre*, of which, Heaven be praised, we do not hear so much nowadays. It was something deeper, the thing which in spite of unhappy associations it seems best to call the aesthetic attitude. There have always been those to whom the world as it is, was enough; often they have been merely *viveurs*, sometimes philosophers. Renan, weakly willing to pardon all things, is a bad example; Anatole France, calling on his gods, Irony and Pity, that he may hate nothing, is better. But the noblest of all is, if I mistake not, Friedrich Nietzsche. It is he who exhibits the loftiness of this attitude toward life, at its best, and as is inevitable with him, it is in himself that its tragedy may be discerned. "It is only as an aesthetic phenomenon that life can justify itself" he asserts; and to him this means no soft-hearted attempt to make the

whole world a pretty place to look upon; it means that the world as it is, justifies itself because it can give to the spectator the intuition of a perfect work of art. Life may be a bad quarter-hour; it is none the less a splendid tragedy. And so we leave life as it is, miserable, meaningless, abject,—because we, on the outside, realize how fine a spectacle it is, because our sensibilities render it to the last detail exquisite. It is the triumphant atrophy of the will!

There is something of this in Mr. Wheelock; he is too much moved by tragedy to want to prevent it; he finds life at its worst infinitely appealing, so he is content to leave it at its worst. He speaks, it is true, of the power of love to regenerate, but that is a poetical axiom, not a social creed. And because Humanity is too dear to him to be experimented with, and reformed, because he has no mission and no propaganda, Mr. Wheelock earns our utmost gratitude, in these days when poetry has at last found its use as the prophet of eugenics and the handmaid of economics.

*Gilbert Vivian Seldes.*

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### THE TROUBADOUR—SONNET OF PROVENCE

Oh, I do love thee as the golden harp  
Must love the hand that wakes its strings to life  
In throbbing harmony,—as the shrill fife,  
The breath that lifts to pour its pean sharp.  
Even as the rainbow loves the rain and sun  
So do I love the magic of thy heart  
Whose lights and shadows to my song impart  
Joy's charm and sorrow's blended into one.

Yea thou art more than all the world of men;  
A fairy wonderland, wherein my love  
Leads me to shrines of beauty far above  
The wooden saintliness of common ken.  
Nor could eternal wisdom all divine  
Value one kiss upon these lips of thine.

*C. H. Jacobs.*

*ANNE*

As regards Anne, I was vacillating. At times I loved her irrevocably and dwelt in the depths of despair; at times I forgot her existence and was happy. When she returned from a nine-months' trip abroad, the pendulum of my feelings had swung to the latter state, but in light of the period of very evident devotion which had preceded her departure I felt it my duty to meet her at the dock.

So at one o'clock of a hot and sunny August afternoon I took my seat on a cap-log and marveled at the peace which permeated my being. Not that the day was inauspicious. A breeze which wandered up the tortuous channel from the Hook discounted comfortably the summer sun, while the smoking, hooting tugs and the barges and the ships came and went before me on the river, and beyond Manhattan raised its tremendous manifold structure against the sky. But Anne approached, and I sat insensible of emotion or palpitation awaiting her. That was remarkable. Strangely enough, though I had known her since childhood days, I could call up no picture of her now. Like a person in a dream, her appearance remained a visionary elusive phantom in the chaos and smoke-wraiths of the river, which, try as I might, I could not conjure to definite form.

I fell to watching the black liner draw slowly nearer. Now she lay long and powerful in mid-stream; and now with tier upon tier of faces and waving handkerchiefs along her upper decks, and much creaking of hawsers and much gasping effort on the part of tugs whose captains bellowed hoarsely from wheel-house windows, she swung in to dock. In the turmoil which eddied on the pier, like the whirlpools from the tugs' propellers, I looked up in vain for Anne. Then I took my stand at the gangway's foot, and watched the eager narrow stream of people crawl downward.

Anne, clad in brown, appeared at its summit. Suddenly I felt a sinking about my heart. I saw what I had been unable to picture—

the soft, healthy face which lighted up from its quiet in unaccountable flashes as you talked, the rather serious mouth, the gay puzzling eyes. I knew just what would happen when she met me. She would catch my hand and say how good it was to see me, and I should say how good it was to see her, and try to fathom the eyes. In the most serious moments of our lives they were always laughing at me, like the novelist who smiles in pleasant satire as his characters live and love and die. Somewhere my diffidence had gone. I was nervous, undeniably nervous.

In my prophetic picture it turned out that I had maligned Anne's originality. As I had inferred from experience, when she caught sight of me she cried a happy "Hello!" Instead of one eager hand, however, two were extended, and almost before I could receive them, she had drawn in close and kissed me. "I'm sorry, Gilbert," she whispered, "you've got to be engaged to me. Please."

"This," I thought, reviewing my whole life in the sudden moment, "is the first time I've ever been kissed. My hat has fallen off."

"Sure," I assented aloud. It is providential that Nature has created most men to rise to the exigencies of a situation. Even I, tried there in the balance, rose—after picking up my hat—and was not found wanting. With some girls it would not have been a situation; with Anne it was the crisis of a lifetime. I realized that my fickle feelings had swung back to the region of eternal devotion; I felt that my face was red and hot, and knew that the perspiration of embarrassment had started in beads from every pore; I saw over Anne's shoulder a masculine face beaming with an irritating grin; I knew that Anne herself was shaking with amusement; but I said in the most unconcerned manner in the world: "It seems good to look at you again."

"Have you seen Auntie Carrie?" queried Anne.

I had not.

"Oh," turning to the man who had grinned and was indeed still grinning, "Let me introduce Mr. McGregor, Mr. McHenry. Mr. McGregor has been staying next us in Scotland all summer. We must look for Auntie Carrie." Wondering dubiously how much of a chance I would stand in an open fight with him, I greeted McGregor. He

was very large and powerfully built. Then we wandered off in search of Aunt Carrie.

Aunt Carrie was nowhere to be found, which worried Anne. I was also worried — on account of Mr. McGregor. He aided us in the search so closely that Anne, as far as I was concerned, or I, for all Anne said to me, might have been leagues away. He forestalled me in getting Anne's trunks off the boat; he forestalled me in securing an inspector for them; he forestalled me in checking them to the Grand Central Station; and he forestalled me in suggesting that Anne telephone Aunt Carrie. Here, Anne, deciding that I was too slow-witted, interfered in my behalf, refusing his offer to escort her to the telephone with the explanation that I would go. We said little, threading our way down the damp, rough dock through the crowds of passengers and friends and stewards and officers and truckmen. I had no ideas for sentences, and Anne, I could see, was embarrassed. This was partially due to her sympathy towards me, for whose idiocy under the present circumstances she was responsible.

"I'm sorry, Gilbert," she finally began, "I couldn't help it. John McGregor just drove me to desperation on the boat coming over, so I had to tell him I was engaged. That made him a little less bothersome. I don't think he believed me, though, and I had to do something to make him, so—so——"

"You picked me for a likely victim," I finished. "Why don't you tell him to go to?"

"Because he's very nice and has played golf with me all summer in Scotland, and I like him. If he weren't so annoying in his attentions he'd be one of my best friends."

"He's beastly fit," I growled malignantly.

"He was born in New York," defended Anne, "and his father was the rich McGregor. His old home is next to my uncle's park in Scotland. His mother has been there all summer and came back just a week before we did."

When she emerged from the telephone booth, the worried look on her face was heightened. Aunt Carrie's telephone had not yet been connected. "She must be still in Squirrel Island," mused Anne. "What am I going to do? If I tell John, he will insist on my coming to his

house to stay with his mother. I can't very well refuse, for I'm all alone here and there's nowhere else to go. Mother and father haven't come on, and my letter couldn't have reached Aunt Carrie. I would rather die than have to be indebted to him."

"What's a fiancé for?" I queried, a little hurt. "If you can't trust me to pull you out, especially against him, I throw up my job here and now."

"Well?" she queried.

"Is it left to me?"

"Yes."

So with great good faith I informed Mr. McGregor that we had located Aunt Carrie and were going immediately to her house. I also thanked him for his help. "Beastly fit" had described him beautifully, but he was something more — beastly persistent. He offered at once to take us in his car which waited outside. I refused politely. He insisted and before I had time to think I had accepted. A few misgivings beset me as I instructed Anne to tell him the wrong number; but once out in the warm sunlight, crawling through the crowded streets, sitting back in comfort on the ferry, I beamed internally at the thought of the adventure. Here were Mr. McGregor and Anne and I lined up on the back seat of the tonneau with pleasure in our faces and, judging from myself, hatred in our hearts. This was the joyous uncertainty of life.

"Two hundred and eighty-seven Pierpont Avenue is the address," said Anne, as we crept across Manhattan.

"I beg your pardon," apologized Mr. McGregor, "but I'm pretty sure it's Clinton Avenue. William knows the place anyway. He takes mother there often. The Locke's, you know, William." William nodded.

The glorious sunlight suffered eclipse; darkness swam before my eyes. For a moment I was stricken silent. I looked at Anne. She looked at me. Then we chatted gaily on.

The house before which we finally drew up, was such as I had imagined Aunt Carrie's to be, — one of a row of brownstone, three stories high, with diminutive yards enclosed by iron fences on either side of the long flight of steps. But I had never dreamed that any-

one's house could be so unoccupied. Every window was shuttered with blinds of worn dusty green. In some of them tendrils of the vine which faced the lower part of the front were entwined and climbing. The yards were brown and dry; the palings muddy; and where the house and fence met, a long collection of newspapers which the owner had evidently forgotten to discontinue when he went away had been carried by the wind and caught.

Mr. McGregor alighted from the car. "Why, the house looks closed," he exclaimed.

"So it does," I agreed, "I guess Mrs. Locke hasn't had time to open it. She just got back from Squirrel this morning." I alighted. With our combined assistance, Anne alighted. William alighted with Anne's suitcase. I grasped it feverishly in my left hand and extended my right to McGregor.

"This has been mighty kind of you," I began, "I hope——"

He cut me short. "Oh, you can't get rid of me so soon. I'm quite a friend of Aunt Carrie's myself. I'll just go in and say hello to her. You're sure this is the house, William," he ended, looking doubtfully up at the forbidding front.

"Yes, sir," answered William.

McGregor glanced at me a little curiously as I began to ascend the steps, but I did not waver and he and Anne followed. I set down the suitcase on the porch and turned to the doorbell. It gave a rusty squeak and grated as I pushed it; I could, however, detect no internal effect. We waited. Again I pushed the doorbell; again it squeaked rustily. Anne giggled. A sudden resentment welled up within me. It seemed as though she, who was responsible for it all, might turn a hand to helping me instead of giggling. But then, when she forbore giggling aloud at critical moments her eyes were always laughing. Why had Fate bound me to her worship, I wondered.

McGregor looked at me even more curiously than before—almost amusedly. "I don't understand it," he said, "There's Locke's doorplate all right."

"Neither do I," I admitted blankly. "Do you, Anne?"

"No," said Anne, and laughed a short suppressed hysterical laugh. Had it been animate, I could have seized and strangled it in my own bare hands.

A mop, shaking violently, and then a woman's head wound in a cheese-cloth turban protruded from an adjacent window. The head saw us. "You want Mrs. Locke?" it inquired.

"Yes," said McGregor.

"She won't be back till next week," said the head, "I just got a letter tellin' me to clean up the house Wednesday an' Thursday."

I winced visibly. McGregor shifted his glance from Anne, who had deliberately turned to look at nothing down the hot empty street, to me, and then back to Anne again. Silence ensued while I swallowed two or three mental cocktails before facing McGregor.

"Mr. McGregor," I said, "we owe you a mighty deep apology. We didn't get Mrs. Locke by telephone at all this morning. Central told us her 'phone was disconnected. Anne said if we told you that, you would be so delightfully hospitable we couldn't resist going to your house. And we really wanted to be alone. You see we are a little new at this game. We just got engaged"—Anne was staring at me now while I hesitated befittingly; a look of relief crossed her face when I finished the sentence—"by letter this summer."

I grinned illuminatingly. "This is really our first day as engageds."

"I don't quite see yet," said McGregor.

"We thought it wouldn't be exactly polite to tell you of our desire to get—to—to—well, to get rid of you, and we tried to avoid it by this means. We were somewhat embarrassed, too, I'll admit. Then you insisted on taking us with you. I thought at first we could direct you to the wrong number and escape that way, but you knew the house. Then I—we just hung on in the wild hope that something would turn up."

"It didn't turn up," put in Anne as the concluding word. That settled McGregor and hurt him too I could see.

"I'm very stupid," he said, "I might have known. And you kept on on a sporting chance, after I had cornered you. That was fine." He laughed richly, musically. "I will go home and tell my mother. It will nearly kill her, don't you think so, Anne? Meanwhile, William



is at your service. Ask him for the loneliest spot between Coney Island and Albany."

"I'm afraid we can't impose on you quite as far as that, "I protested. "No, we will sit out here on the steps and discuss ways and means. It seems as though we should be alone all right."

"Good bye, Anne; good bye, Mr. McHenry," said Mr. McGregor. "I am going to ask you one thing for this. Dine with us tomorrow night. My mother will want to know you, Mr. McHenry."

"We shall be delighted if we can. Tonight or tomorrow morning we will let you know. Thanks," I answered.

"By the way," he called back as he stepped into the tonneau, "Does the wedding take place soon?"

"That," I said, "is one of the first things we will discuss." The machine whirled him up the empty street and with a wave of the hand out of sight round the corner.

"And it won't take long to decide," Anne added to me. "The way you treated John was horrid."

"Horrid!" I stood aghast. "It was damnably, Machiavellianly clever."

"Now, having told him as baldly as you possibly could that I wanted to get rid of him, just what I didn't want you to tell him—I don't see quite what prevented you from telling him the whole truth—I thought you were going to —." Anne was stating her opinion with dignity, but she had quite lost the thread of sentence structure—"What are you going to do with me stranded on a deserted doorstep in Brooklyn alone."

Still in a superelated state over the brilliancy of my explanation to McGregor, I ignored Anne's eyes, which gazed at me determined and disapproving. "You are not alone," I insisted. "I am with you and it is perfectly proper that it should be so. You seem to forget we're engaged."

"You seem to fancy that idea. When I asked you to do it, I didn't expect you to be disagreeable about it. Now you might try to be commonly decent."

Whereupon two young people, neither past twenty-five, fell to quarreling on a deserted Brooklyn doorstep for the benefit of the tur-

baned head which leaned very far out of the window so as to miss nothing. The outcome of the argument was a decision that the young people should telegraph to the young lady's family in the West that she was coming home, and that if no contrary word were received, she should go home. Also an informal engagement which had existed between the young people for some three hours was broken off.

As luck would have it, an answering telegram announced the arrival of the family in New York that night. They were twelve hours late, having missed a train. Anne, I escorted to the station to meet them. Then I returned to a half-waking, half-sleeping night, during which I dreamed of a beautiful elusive maiden who kissed me on a dock and said we were engaged; and lamented on a thousand unheeded opportunities which had begged me to lay my heart at her feet. Again I dwelt in the depths of despair.

The next day she refused to see me. She and her father and mother were to be busy. She would telephone John for me that we couldn't come to dinner. Of course, when your daughter returns from a nine months' trip abroad, you desire to talk with her alone. Further, when you are very devoted to your father and mother, who are, I must admit in this case, exceedingly nice, you undoubtedly wish to talk with them. Still, the feeling haunted me that had Anne really cared to see me one-hundredth part as much as I cared to see her, time for a meeting could have been found. The depths of my despair became abysmal. From them I emerged only to kick myself violently for meeting Anne in the first place instead of cruising on the Sound, which is far from care, and also for my treatment of McGregor. We were twin sufferers, undergoing the same tortures, and I had turned a knife in his heart in sheer wanton play. Anne stood even more hopelessly distant for me than for him.

At two-thirty o'clock—the appointed hour—of the next day I was lifted to the Locke's suite on the fifteenth floor of the Belmont. Anne greeted me quite as if nothing had happened. Mr. Locke lowered his paper for a moment to look at me amusedly and then resumed it. Plainly, he knew the story of McGregor and myself. For the life of me I could not think of a word to say, so that I must have seemed very dejected and miserable.

In silence, Anne led me to a table near the window, and pointed to a large plush-lined box thereon supporting a necklace of small pearls. "What do you think of that?" she inquired.

I examined it—an exacting occupation during which I found it necessary neither to look at anyone nor to speak. "Are they real?" I finally asked.

Fortune, intuition, some vague external force, whatever you choose to call it, had placed on my lips a happy remark. Heaven knows I had made it unwittingly, as the first thing to enter my mind. It touched Anne's characteristic sense of the incongruities of life. She was disarmed of her serious rebuking attitude; her eyes plainly laughed; "Father," she gasped in mock appeal. It also touched Mr. Locke. He snorted, dropped his paper and rose. "McHenry, the iconoclast," he styled me as he left the room.

"I like what you say of the gifts of my friends," said Anne, still mocking.

I did not speak, but stood and looked at her.

"That is a present from John."

"Oh, the——" I started to say "beastly fit" but thought of what the beastly fit had received cheerfully at our hands two days before, and amended myself to "McGregor." The present I should have taken philosophically; instead it oppressed me. If the competition between McGregor and myself were to be placed on a financial basis, I might as well retire. Sympathetically with millions of my fellow-men I wondered why woman had been created so foolish and insoluble a problem.

"You seem to have wound me up in a good deal of trouble—perhaps you can get me out of this," she continued, "Just what am I going to do?"

I answered gloomily and daringly, "Wear it at the next ball, break some other fellow's heart and then tell him it's his fault, I suppose."

I was watching those eyes,—I wonder if I ever did aught else when with Anne,—and though she smiled, I thought that the laughter shade in the gray gave way to one of pain.

"You don't understand, though. It's a 'premature wedding present.' We played well at the game for a while. But I guess it's like

all games. You get caught sometimes. John has caught us. Now you see I have to do the explaining. We can't keep up our end any more. I shall have to return this to him with a letter telling him it was all a joke, and then go off and bury myself somewhere where he can't possibly find me. It isn't a very pleasant position."

"To put it accurately," I interpreted, "John has sent a wedding present to the engageds. He has called our bluff."

Anne, absorbed in fingering the necklace, nodded.

"Then," I said, "there is only one way out of it."

Her face became flushed and set as she met my glance. She spoke coldly. "I supposed at least that Gilbert McHenry, from what I knew of him, was considerate enough not to bring that up."

I don't remember quite what I said then, but I whirled into a long and earnest speech which had been aging in my heart for some years. Anne's anger melted and I became aware that she looked at me with eyes from which all laughter had faded.

Then the wildly improbable thing, which had happened on the dock, happened again, for the second time in three days. Mr. Locke entering, found a very pretty picture, silhouetted against the window of the fifteenth story suite, of two young people oblivious of himself and the room and the roofs and streets of New York which stretched gloriously away in the sunlight.

"I'm afraid, Gilbert," he roused us by saying, "you're not altogether an iconoclast."

*A. Calvert Smith.*

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### PYGMALION'S GALATEA

The cold, clear-chiseled marble of that perfect form  
Grows in the radiant twilight soft and warm;  
A blush stains the white bosom, while the quick breath,  
With the hint of a sigh, a caress, banishes death.

*Standish Hall.*

## TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

### *An Episode of Character*

#### *Characters*

JIM BAILEY ..... *Mill Worker*  
 TOM BAILEY ..... *His Son*  
 DAN FOLEY ..... *Policeman*

SCENE: The Bailey Kitchen

Time: 4 A.M. of a *Winter morning*.

SETTING: The small but neat kitchen in the home of Jim Bailey, a prosperous puddler. There are doors back left and up stage left, and at back center a window with square panes, the ledges of which are piled high with snow. To the left of the window, between it and the door, there is a tall cupboard with curtained glass doors, the kitchen cabinet and refrigerator of fifteen years ago.

When the curtain rises the stage is lit only by the dull glow of a slaked coal fire in the stove at stage right, and the low flame of an oil lamp on the mantel shelf above it.

A moment of silence, broken by the ticking of a clock in a wooden case. Suddenly the door at the back is opened, and a young man enters, his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled low over his eyes. He shuts the door quickly but very cautiously. He takes off his shoes, and going to the stove, knocks the snow off them into the coals. Then he makes haste to pull down the window shade, after which he turns up the lamp. A brief consideration, then he quickly takes off and hangs up his hat and coat, and raises the window shade again. He seats himself before the fire, in a half-successful pose of weary and evening-long reverie. Shortly a hand appears at the window, brushing the snow away. A policeman peers in, surveys the room slowly, smiles and vanishes.

Another interval of silence. Then the door opens brusquely, and Jim Bailey enters, pausing a moment to kick the snow from his shoes

against the door-step. He is a stout and florid, good-humored, and a little unctuous for a man of his class. His entrance startles the boy, who turns quickly, then settles back.

*The young man.* Oh . . . That you, pop! I thought you were in bed. It's four o'clock. (Jim puts down his dinner pail.)

*Jim.* Bed's where you ought to be, Tommy. I usually find you there by one o'clock when I get home. What are you doin' up so late? Learnin' to dissipate, eh? Wild oats?

*Tom.* Lord, no! I don't go out much. I just—I couldn't sleep

*Jim.* Feeling bad?

*Tom.* No—I'm all right. I——

*Jim.* Mother sick?

*Tom.* She's been in bed hours. I—I've been sitting up with Bob Knight. He's—not well.

*Jim.* Really, now? I saw him this afternoon on my way to work. Looked sound enough.

*Tom.* Yes. That is—he—got hurt. Slipped on the ice and sprained himself. Hurt bad—he howled. (*Anxious to change the subject.*) What made you so late? Breakdown at the mill?

*Jim.* (*Not expecting to be questioned in turn. A brief silence.*) Eh? Mm! Went to Kurtz's with some of the boys for a bite to eat. (*Laughs.*) A sort of love feast.

*Tom.* You don't look as though you'd been to that sort of thing. The way you usually do, I mean.

*Jim.* Oh, there was no drinkin'—except beer. Just a little.

*Tom.* And you took from one o'clock, when you ought to get home, to drink it.

*Jim.* Well? Sure that ain't long to spend with your friends. It ain't as though I saw nothin' but the happy side of life. Your dad's a hard worker. Seven days a week, with one twenty-four hour stretch. Got to have a little fun sometimes. Keep up my weight that way. Ha! ha! (*A slightly awkward pause. Tom glances toward the door of the inner room.*) You ought to be in bed, Tom. Run along. One hour of the sleep of the young and innocent is worth two after midnight—like I get, eh?

*Tom.* I don't have to get up early. What's the use when I'm not going to work mornings.

*Jim.* No sign of a job yet, Tom?

*Tom.* No.

*Jim.* Funny. I never had any trouble. Went to work when I was younger than you are.

*Tom.* I'm not strong enough to work in a mill.

*Jim.* Nobody wants you to. What do you think I sent you to school for?

*Tom.* There's lots to do—loads of work—but somehow nobody wants to let me do it.

*Jim.* Well, when it comes to that, the work'll get done somehow without you. I wouldn't cry about all that good work spoilin' because there's nobody to do it.

*Tom.* But I've got a right to a job!

*Jim.* Maybe so, but I can support you for a while longer. I'd sort of like you to be the gentleman of the family. Didn't know I had that idea? Yes, sir-ee.

*Tom.* I don't want to be different from you, dad,—and *you're* not a gentleman, God knows. Even so, you're too respectable. Nobody knows you. If they did, I could get a job easier.

*Jim.* Well, Tommy, I'm trying to lead a quiet, private life in fear of God and the rightful law. Ain't that a decent way to do?

*Tom.* Just the same pull's useful. All your friends are puddlers—and them cops that you're afraid of along with God. A lot of good they do you!

*(There is a knock at the door. Jim opens it, admitting the officer who had looked in at the window. He nods familiarly to Jim, as he removes his woollen gloves, and rubs his hands to warm them.)*

*Foley (to Jim).* Evenin', Jim. 'As he been tellin' ye of it?

*Jim.* Of what?

*Foley. (Whistling softly.)* Oh, the innocence of ye! Ye don't bargain on partnerships, is it? Well, Jimmy, you'll have to keep your right eye screwed up in a wink the whole time, I'm thinkin'. It's a progressive son you have.

*Jim.* What stuff are you talkin', Dan?

*Foley.* But he's got a lot to learn yet. We know where he can go for lessons, eh?

*Jim (uneasily).* I don't know nothin'. If you've got something to tell me, out with it.

*Foley (turning to Tom, who had retreated right to the stove).* Now, didn't you tell your pap? That's almost as bad as if you had. You know it don't pay, my boy. I'll tell you that at the beginnin'. Does it, Jim? For young fellows. Like Tom. If you're caught you go to jail; and if you ain't it's a credit to nobody at all. An' just look! What good did it do you to try? What do you get? Nothin', except trouble with your daddy, and a visit from his old friend the police. An' if I *wasn't* his friend, an' you *had* got something, or had tried *before*, I'd put you right in the calaboose. But you get another chance. I don't like to blast your young life, what with your father havin' such a fine reputation in his business and all. Not the next time, though. Be careful and take me advice. . . . *(to Jim)* Don't be too hard on the boy. You're the one he should learn from, James. Good-night to you. *(Exit.)*

*(A moment's silence. Tom stands defiantly, expecting a denunciation, and prepared to answer it. The father seems more crushed than enraged, and a little frightened before this new development in his son. He groans lugubriously, his head rolling from side to side.)*

*Tom.* Well, dad—I suppose you—what are you going to do?

*Jim.* I can't believe it—Good God—a thief!

*Tom.* I didn't mean for you to find out.

*Jim.* I make your life easy for you and slave so's you shan't have to, and you go and steal. *(Suddenly awakening from his apathy and roaring.)* Boy! Is this what I send you to school for? I make you better than me and you go in for robbin'.

*Tom.* I—I—didn't think you'd get to know.

*Jim.* What difference would that make? You don't take so much trouble to keep Dan Foley from knowin'.

*Tom.* I—I—I didn't mean for him to know either.

*Jim (laughing harshly).* Ha! ha! Course you didn't. But he finds out. Just as he says. Stick to it and you'll get to know him better. It's his business to know your kind.



*Tom.* He's a pretty good friend of yours!

*Jim.* That's all right, sonny. I'm on the outside lookin' in. Dan's the doorkeeper, as it were, and I stop to inquire for the health of his *inside* friends. That's the difference when you're law abiding.

*Tom.* It doesn't get you anything.

*Jim.* Did your stealin'?

*Tom.* No—but—(*suddenly bold*)—I wasn't educated how to steal. I've got to learn the fine points.

*Jim.* Why in hell don't you do what you were educated for?

*Tom.* Because I'm not educated for anything, that's why! I've been through four years of high school and I can't use my hands or my head. When I go into stores and commission houses and tell 'em I've been through high school they laugh at me and tell me to come around next week. I can't get a job in an office because I can't typewrite or keep books or even sharpen a pencil. Did you know that they don't teach you to sharpen pencils in public school? I know too much to get the dirty jobs, and not enough for the soft ones.

*Jim.* Maybe you know too much for the soft jobs and not enough for the "dirty ones" if by that you mean the hard ones.

*Tom.* I mean any of your honest jobs, clean and dirty. If only I was stronger, or ignorant enough not to care about being an office boy or a clerk in a store. But I'm not. Stealin', at any rate, is independent.

*Jim.* You fool, how often do you have to be told that the kind of stealin' you gave a sample of tonight is independent of nothing. All your chances are for the lock-up. In God's name, what kind of work do you want to do? Do you want to go to school some more? Why don't you be a college man and be done with it?

*Tom.* Oh, I don't want that. I guess I don't know what I want. I've never really tried. It's hard to decide. I'd like to try something useful (*with a touch of sentimentality*) and grubby, like you're doing. You earn good money, but you work hard for it, and you can do what you please. Why I haven't even the right to a good time the way you have. Why don't you take me with you some time? Why don't you let me get drunk with you?

*Jim.* That's enough, my son's a burglar, and now he wants to be a drunkard! Get to bed!

*Tom.* It's just the freedom I'm after. To be independent so I can do what I want. That needs money. I'll earn it if I can, but get it.

*Jim.* You're a fool! You can't do anything. You disgrace your parents. They worked hard and well. You can't even commit a petty larceny without getting your foot in it. Bah! You make me sick. Get out of my sight! And if you try any more of your tricks I'll kick you out of the house.

*Tom.* I'm sorry, dad.

*Jim.* Sorry of what! You've been defending yourself.

*Tom.* Why—sorry I—got caught.

*Jim.* Well, your showing a spark of decency anyhow. Now tomorrow you go out and get a job. Any job. Go to bed!

*Tom.* I'll try again. Good-night. (*He goes toward the door to his room.*)

*Jim* (*calling him back, between harshness and curiosity*). See here! How did Dan Foley find out?

*Tom.* Followed me, I guess.

*Jim.* Followed you! Where from?

*Tom.* The crib (*a bit of affectation*).

*Jim.* Mm. Where was the "crib"?

*Tom.* Right in back (*pointing*) McConnell's.

*Jim.* Christ Almighty! In sight of your own home. You're a damn-swaddled fool. Are you crazy? You came straight home? In the fresh snow?

*Tom.* I got scared—like a rabbit—and ran straight away.

*Jim.* It's snowing and you didn't have sense enough to cover your tracks! Why in God's name didn't you run around the block and walk home backwards? Do something? My God! my God! (*He has risen and is walking up and down excitedly.*)

*Tom.* I tell you I got excited and lost my head or I'd never been caught. The old woman woke up, and—

*Jim.* You woke her up, you mean! You weren't even sneaky. You're a hell of a burglar! I tell you—(*he advances threateningly, and then finds himself speechless. He flings himself into a chair.*) You'd better tell me all about it.

*Tom.* I'd never have done it if I hadn't noticed that the shutter on the kitchen window just above the cellar door was broken and couldn't be shut tight. So I began to think about how easy it would be to get in. I was talkin' to Bob Knight this afternoon, and he was tellin' me about breakin' in houses and that sort of thing, an'——

*Jim.* Bob Knight?

*Tom.* Yes, he goes out with his father—and Dan Foley knows all about it—and he don't tell because he gets something out of every haul. That's how good his advice is.

*Jim.* That makes it all the better. Go on!

*Tom.* Well, I decided to try it myself. I couldn't find anything for a jimmy, so I took a strong cookin' spoon of mother's. I got the shutter open easy, and the window was easy too. I climbed in and landed in the kitchen sink. I lit my way with matches and went on into the dining-room, leaving the window open behind me, so as I could get out in a hurry. Oh, I'm not so much of a fool as you think!

*Jim.* No, but you were too lazy to shut the window and open the door so you could get away quicker.

*Tom (after a moment of sullenness).* I poked around the side-board thinking I'd find some money. Nothing doing, but there were lots of silver things, and not a drawer locked. I went on up the steps, holdin' a match. Just when I got half way up the damn stair creaked. I stopped and held my breath. After a while I started up again, but even movin' my foot made the squeak. Sounded like a mouse being choked in a trap. Just then a woman called out. I stood. She called again and woke up her kid. The youngster must 'a' thought she had a bad dream or something, 'cause he kept yellin', "Wake up, ma, wake up. You're all right. Wake up." But she says, "It ain't all right. There's a man in the house." Then she begins to ask, "Who's there?" and the first thing I knew, I heard her jump out of bed and come runnin' along the hall. I just saw her get in sight at the head of the stairs, when I come to my senses and scooted. Down the steps in a jump, and her after in her bare feet. When I came to the kitchen, I up on the sink from a stand, and jumped out of the window. God, but I slid on my butt when I hit the cellar door . . .

You see I was rather excited about then, and I didn't think about walkin' home backwards.

*Jim.* (*Spits into the fire from where he sits, rubs his head, and then gets up and wanders aimlessly around the table with his hands in his pockets. Then he turns to Tom.*) See here! Do you know where I keep my money?

*Tom.* No, sir.

*Jim.* Do you know where Mrs. McConnell keeps hers?

*Tom.* No, sir.

*Jim.* Well!

*Tom.* Well?

*Jim.* How did you expect to steal it?

*Tom.* I was going to hunt.

*Jim.* Where?

*Tom.* Well—I did look in the sideboard.

*Jim.* You're crazy. Do you think they eat with silver dollars? Do you suppose the old lady has much money?

*Tom.* Not very much, I guess.

*Jim.* And you were going to hunt that whole house through for the little bit she's got there. Like a needle in a haystack. Why didn't you take the silver?

*Tom.* I wouldn't know where to sell it.

*Jim.* Why didn't you ask Bob Knight?

*Tom.* I didn't want him to know.

*Jim.* See here. You may as well know from the start that no burglar can work alone. You've got to have pals. Do you suppose that every professional or pair of 'em thinks they're the only ones in the business? Why, you see, even Dan knows. He knows 'em all. Sure. That's the way it's worked. Just like the Masons and the Odd Fellows. They know each other, and nobody outside knows them. (*He strolls over to the cupboard, stands before it a minute or two as he talks, then, during the following speech he takes out and brings to the table a loaf of bread, a plate, some sliced ham and a knife. His speech has become quiet and fatherly.*) See!—Quite a rascal in your way, eh, Tom? Commit a burglary like a man that gets into the bathtub forgettin' to fill in the water. Not a precaution—Squeak-squizzle-squumph, and you're caught.

*(Tom watches his father's preparations curiously. A look of suspicion crosses his face.)*

Tom. Pop.

Jim *(buttering a slice of bread)*. Um?

Tom. How did you get hungry so quick?

Jim. What?

Tom. I thought you just came from lunch. I *knew* you ought to have been drunk.

Jim *(eating)*. You make me sick. I guess I can eat in my own house.

Tom. Dad, I want to know where you really were.

Jim. It's none of your damn business.

Tom. I want to know.

Jim. I told you once. Now shut up.

Tom. How do you know so much what I should have done?

Jim. Common sense. That's all I need.

Tom. See here, dad, you know too much about this burglar business. I ought to have opened the door, you said! I ought to have covered my tracks! I ought to have a pal! Ought, you said! And you're hungry again! Now you must tell me where you were.

*(Jim opens his mouth several times to speak but no word comes. At last he makes a gesture toward his dinner pail, sitting on the table. Tom rushes to it, pulls off the lid, and turns it upside down. A small silver teapot, and a number of silver knives, forks and spoons rattle to the table. The bucket falls from his hands. A sickly grin overspreads his face, and he raises his finger toward his father.)*

Tom *(gasping)*. Dad—you—you—you're a burglar!

*(The father places his finger on his lips, pointing to the door of the inner room.)*

Jim. Sh-sh—Mother!

Tom *(as he sinks into a chair, laughing hysterically)*. You're a burglar!

Jim. A successful burglar, Tommy, eh? *(Dividing the spoil into three piles.)* For you, Tommy, and for me,—and for Dan. Eh, Tommy?

Irving Pichel.

*TIMOTHY MALONEY'S CONSCIENCE*

Maloney's tobacco store is an institution of Cambridgeport. This in itself is not remarkable. Institutions abound in and near Boston. Maloney's tobacco "emporium," as many like to call it, is noteworthy because of its newness. It has become an institution in spite of truly tremendous opposition. Indeed, there are still conservative heads in the "Port" which shake dolefully at the mention of "Maloney's," and declare that, for their part, they prefer a store with "a sound American name."

Still, Maloney's flourishes, and waxes yearly more powerful in the tobacco circle of lower Cambridgeport, and all because Mr. Timothy Maloney, the corpulent, smiling proprietor of the establishment discovered some years ago the secret of New England success. He learned that to gain the admiration and attachment of his customers he must first substantially shock them.

Properly to shock the smoking citizens of the Port required much attention and careful thought. Timothy Maloney was painfully conscious that he must create the shock promptly, yet the first two months following his emergence from the livery stable business and his formal entrance into the tobacconists' world slipped by without action on his part. His face became daily more solemn and tragic as the number of customers, drawn at first by curiosity, gradually diminished, and his wife, the busy mother of nine children, began to complain that nine very large mouths were opening in vain to be fed.

"If ye're not after hurryin' with that idee of yours, Tim, it'll be a dead lot of children ye'll be havin'," she would admonish him. To which pessimistic sentiments he would reply with a patient shake of the head, "Don't be hard on me, Mary; the idee's comin' soon. I can feel it in the air; but don't be hard on me. Them people are just achin' for the shock I'll give 'em. But it ain't as easy as if I was in the dry goods business. All I'd have to do then would be to get a

couple of decultee dresses as looked like they wasn't, and drape 'em up in the window, and I'd have all the women in the Port screamin' round me counters in two weeks. But tobacco's different. There isn't nothin' shockin' in tobacco!"

Timothy Maloney had come to this part of his speech about the thirtieth time when, as if an angel of light had appeared to him, he jumped from his chair with a shout and banged his hand gleefully on the table which was not yet cleared of the dinner china. His wife looked at him as if he had brought a bull terrier, or something equally barbarous, into the domestic precincts.

"Why, Tim; have ye gone out o' yer head?" she demanded as gently as might be expected.

"Mary," he intoned solemnly, "Did ye ever hear me say as there isn't nothin' shockin' in tobacco? Did ye, now?"

"I certainly did, Tim. Ye've said it at least fifty times in the last two months!"

"Well, now, ain't I a fool?" he said, scratching his bald spot reflectively.

"I'm beginnin' to think so," said Mrs. Maloney softly, gathering a large pile of dishes in her arms.

"I'm a *liar*, too!" continued Tim joyfully. "I'm fifty times a liar! Now tell me, Mary; did ye ever hear of an American woman smokin', eh?"

Mrs. Maloney carefully replaced the pile of plates on the table, and throwing her arms akimbo, faced her smiling husband squarely.

"Now, Tim Maloney," she exploded, "if ye think yer goin' to have me smokin' round here like one o' them painted *society* women, yer on the wrong track! I'll take in washin' and I'll end me life in the poor-house, but I won't lower meself like that. No, Tim! You and yer money aren't so necessary to me as all that!"

Timothy's smile, however, merely broadened.

"Yer not after understandin', Mary. Ye've answered what I was drivin' at. I know *society* women smoke; but what I was after is this: did ye ever see a good *American* woman smoke? Never, eh? Well, there you are!"

Mrs. Maloney answered with a contemptuous grunt and turned to the sideboard with the plates she had once more taken up.

"When ye're ready to talk sense, Tim, just let me know. I've got work to do now!"

"But I'm just after talking the best sense of me life, Mary! I'll have half the men in the Port in me shop in a week."

"How's that, Tim?" asked Mrs. Maloney patiently.

"You'll see when the time comes," rejoined Tim.

And try as she would, Mrs. Maloney could extract nothing further from her husband concerning his intentions.

Two days later, however, people passing along the lower end of Massachusetts Avenue remarked a small crowd collected outside the window of Maloney's "emporium." The crowd, composed at first of small boys and a few still smaller girls, was slowly augmented by the arrival of older citizens. In a comparatively short space of time, the children had run home and brought back by the coat sleeves that section of the country's leisure class generally designated as the "fathers of families." The fathers in turn scolded the children for idle curiosity and sent them home, remaining themselves, however, as interested, if shocked, spectators of the scene being enacted in the broad window of Maloney's.

Resting on a couch, over which were spread numerous tawdry imitations of Persian rugs, was a girl. She was more than a mere girl, however, she was a very pretty girl, and dressed in a costume which reflected to a tee the costume worn by an equally pretty, if less alluring, girl depicted on the cover of a mammoth box of Turkish cigarettes resting beside the couch, and on the covers of a myriad smaller boxes of the same brand of cigarette scattered in picturesque profusion round the floor, walls and even the ceiling of Maloney's window. And, like the pretty girl in the picture, the very pretty girl on the couch was smoking!

The male citizens of Cambridgeport blinked their eyes, turned away in disgust at the spectacle of feminine degradation, and then peered again on the revolting scene. The girl was certainly alive; of that there could be no doubt. Certain members of the leisure class who remained longest near the window declared, in hushed voices, that



the girl had even winked at them, a feat no wax figure could possibly accomplish. Furthermore, when she had finished a cigarette, she would display a series of cards calling attention to the various excellent brands of cigarettes and tobacco which might be obtained within, then would stoop gracefully to select another cigarette from the mammoth box, and proceed to light it with the utmost nonchalance, much as if smoking were with her a daily habit. Yes, reflected the citizens, the girl was alive, and there could be no doubt that she actually smoked. There could be no doubt, too, that she smoked with as brazen an impudence as a very pretty girl might safely display. At noon, all Cambridgeport had learned of the outrage; it was the sole subject of conversation. By dinner-time the enthusiasm had not abated. The outstanding questions were: "Who was the girl?" and "Who was the vulgar tobacconist who had so dared to overstep the bounds of decency?"

The questions were never publicly answered. Men, dropping in casually to buy a box of matches, were disappointed to find the rear of the window carefully closed. Mrs. Maloney, when visited by a horrified delegation from the Cambridgeport Mothers' Protective and Mutual Benefit Association, refused to refer to the mysterious beauty; in fact, her ignorance, thanks to Timothy Maloney's foresight, was as total as that of her inquisitors. As to Mr. Maloney himself, no one could ascertain with reasonable certainty, either that he had relatives of Turkish descent, or that anything in his lineage could be held accountable for the jolt he had so unceremoniously given the conscience and self-satisfaction of the Port. Yet, with almost machine-like regularity, the clientèle of the emporium increased. Men, busy men not even fathers of families, found occasion to buy cigarettes at "Maloney's." Little boys surreptitiously bought cigarettes at "Maloney's." Even housewives found it suddenly necessary to supply themselves with Maloney's matches, although the same brand could easily have been purchased at the grocer's. The fame of "Maloney's" threatened to invade even the sacred precincts of Brattle Street. In brief, "Maloney's" had become an institution.

Only one feature connected with the episode disturbed the serenity of Timothy Maloney's smile. That was the growing domestic un-

easiness. At least five of the nine small Maloneys began to return from school with question marks veritably stamped on their faces. They had heard the shocking episode of the smoking woman discussed in all its revolting details by a hundred other children, who in turn had gathered their information and stock of disgust from two hundred parents. The little Maloneys were disturbed. They were told papa was a bad man. Timothy Maloney Junior had gained a black eye defending the parental rectitude. Timothy Senior was disturbed. The mandates of religion forbade the scandalizing of the innocent!

The mysterious beauty disappeared from the window, and trade diminished slightly; but Timothy's conscience smote him a little less severely. Still, tongues continued to wag, and Timothy Junior was forced to continue his battles for a lost cause. Timothy Senior at last realized the necessity for a family council. The five small Maloneys of school age were assembled in the dining-room shortly after dinner. Timothy Senior sat in his large chair by the fire holding the much bruised Tim Junior on his knees, while Mrs. Maloney and the four smaller children ranged themselves sedately round the table.

Mr. Timothy Maloney then proceeded to give an uncolored account of his leap into fame. As he spoke of the very pretty girl who had played so conspicuous a part, his eyes twinkled oddly, but he continued the story to its inevitable end.

"Now, them's the facts as people knows them," he said solemnly, eyeing the awestruck group. "If anyone says anythin' more'n that happened, they're liars!"

A moment's silence ensued. Then Mrs. Maloney defiantly threw back her head and fixed an accusing glance on her husband.

"Tim, it may be all as ye say; but what *I* want to know, and what everybody wants to know is, *who* was the girl?"

"Mary," said Tim with sudden seriousness, "the Church wont let us do wrong, no matter what the end is, now will She?"

"That's just what I'm after thinkin', Tim; but——"

"Just a minute, Mary! I'm comin' to that. Now it's strongly agin' me conscience to persuade any self-respectin' young woman to smoke— especially when she'd have to smoke twenty cigarettes in one day. Am I right in feelin' that way, Mary?"

"Certainly; but——"

"Now don't interrupt! Me conscience troubled me for a month—and all the time you were tellin' me to hurry, and I had to be tellin' you there wasn't nothin' shockin' 'bout tobacco. Well—I just ended by not gettin' a girl at all!"

There was a notable stir in the family group, and Timothy Maloney chuckled softly.

"No," he said reflectively. "He wasn't a girl: but he certainly could do the girl act some!"

"*He?*" gasped the astounded Maloney family.

"Sure; he was impersonatin' a girl every night at the vaudeville house when he wasn't out here. But mind, ye young brats," he cautioned the junior members of the group with a fierce shake of his plump finger, "Mind ye're not after tellin' a livin' bein'!"

*Richard Dana Skinner.*

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### *A GLIMPSE OF BOSTON*

Out of the tunnel.

The hollow singing of the rail is thinner,  
The windows lighten and swell with blue,  
A moment of sky and lights and water  
Dull blue sky in the evening's wane  
A faded sky and a leaden water,  
A deepening blue where they slip together,  
A deepening blue in the rain.

Long low lights like yellow stars  
At the edge of the water, blurring the mist,  
Fainter far out, red gold in the river;  
Brown had the curve of the houses lain—  
Soft blue shadowed they stretch away  
A few pale spires, a great gray dome,  
The glide of the bridge and the tunnel again.

*R. G. Nathan.*

*THE DARK FLOWER\**

(A Review)

The dark flower of passion is Galsworthy's tidal wave. Its coming precludes the existence of all else, its empire is, while it lasts, complete, without mercy; but when the great, crushing flood has receded into the sea, men and things creep back, cooled and sobered, to their old haunts and strive to patch together what little is left them.

The truth is, that *The Dark Flower* is a disappointment. An epopee—"the love life of a man"—has been made a mere commonplace love-story, and only a tolerably interesting one, at that. Out of epic material, with all its attendant concentrative possibilities, an expert craftsman has evolved a loose, disunified, but sporadically charming result, in three distinct parts.

This may seem severe, it may even be seriously questioned, and yet, I am confident for more than one reason, it is justified. . . . Environment is certainly an essential factor of every man's equipment and ability, but quite as elemental is the vague, strangely moving personality of the individual, which appears to determine exactly what that equipment is to become, and next to insinuate itself into the aggregate. Briefly, then, the man who has worked his way into the van of his comrades, leads us to expect his holding that place.

John Galsworthy in *The Dark Flower* has not raised the level of his previous work; in fact, he has not even attained it. In *The Silver Box* we glimpse again and again his astounding power of pathos. Throughout *Strife* appear most strikingly that fairness and veracity which so thoroughly pervade everything he does. *The Eldest Son*, an intimate study of English family life, has a fitting mate, much more important, perhaps, but no more moving, in *The Thunderbolt*. His *Justice*, a presentment of the unquity of certain legal procedure, is as tremendously effective as *Brieux' La Robe Rouge*, and even stirred the British government to definite legislative action. In *The Pidgeon* we have a delicious comedy and a veritable gem of philosophy. Fra-

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\**The Dark Flower*. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35. 1913.

ternity abounds in characterization that is so diverse, and yet so faithful and suggestive that it finds its peers only in Shakspeare and Meredith. And *The Patrician* blends the most intense passion and the highest love with a subtle eloquence that lives in the reader's mind long after he has turned the last page. Into all these he has woven a deeper, wider, more pertinent social significance, that lifts them above mere works of art.

Thus, to this man of creations who has shown only constant technical improvement in each successive effort, we could reasonably enough, look for still further growth. However, despite the discouraging features of his latest book, we need not be alarmed by the fear that Mr. Galsworthy is imminently in danger of permanent decline. He is still considerably under fifty, and besides, *The Dark Flower* is in some respects worthy.

The love life of Mark Lennan falls into three periods. The first is Spring, and it contains, to my mind, the best material of the book. There is ripe character-work here, which deservedly ranks with the author's most mature achievement. Anna Stormer is an Austrian, with all the passionate warmth and romantic vigor of her Teutonic blood. Brought up in the open, she chafes under the yoke of smug English town life—Oxford, whence the joy of life seems to have flown—"this place where even enthusiasm seemed to be formal and have no wings, where everything was settled and sophisticated as the very chapels and cloisters." Her husband, a tutor in the university, "seemed always laughing at you, for fear that you should laugh at him." When the book opens, this woman of thirty-five has fallen in love with a young student, one of old Stormer's "dear young clowns." That summer, they go into the Alps and ask him to accompany them. Beginning with Mark's "You do look jolly, Mrs. Stormer!" we watch the unfolding of a truly idyllic tale of love, which just as it reaches its fulness is interrupted by the boy's departure for England. Here, at his guardian's home, he meets a "kid" with whom he used to play around, when he was a *boy*. "There was something frank and soft about her face, as if she wanted you to be nice to her." A delightful contrast! The Stormers on their return are invited to stay with them, but it does not take Anna long to realize that distance has dimmed

Mark's firstling ardor — that the simple little English girl has almost undermined the remains. She leaves the only love she has ever known or will know, forever. She cannot fight youth! There is real tragedy here. This is the Galsworthyan ending, with all its wonderful power of intimating the future. The drawing of the characters is vivid and spirited and gives one a sense of being in direct contact with them. The youth who begins, too late, to comprehend the grand love that has been wasted on him, stands out clearly in all his unsophistications and aspirations. Anna is as consummately done as Audrey Noel and Bianca Dallison, Lady Casterley and Guinivere Meegan, and just as poignantly alive. The husband, an extremely difficult character, is worked out with exquisite subtlety.

But now comes the great parting, for summer, instead of continuing the idyll and its poetry of pathos, is luridly erotic. The idea is trite and the treatment follows along conventional lines. The characterization is lamentably weak. We wonder skeptically whether this can be the same Mark that we have been knowing. The heroine, as far as we can see, is nothing more than an aristocratic, sensitive embodiment of what hundreds of heroines have been before her. She seems without personal charm; she draws no sympathy. The only important figure in this epoch, who is real, is her husband. But he comes into the story much too late and even then is somewhat negligibly handled. The one redeeming virtue is the brilliant description of nature which is given full play.

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
Tho to itself it only live and die,"

sings Shakspeare. And this suggests that Galsworthy might have omitted alluding to the Summer love, further on, as frequently as he has. I am inclined to think that Mark Lennan, in his dispassionate middle age, when he looks back, sees only an intensified attachment, with a glamor because it was so obviously predestined to misfortune and was ended with such a horrible death. These morbid reminiscences of the past, then, if they have any substantial basis at all, must be grounded in a sentimentalistic grudge against God for a fancied injury. I certainly hesitate to believe that this egoistic, altogether un-

remarkable woman, beyond inspiring him with a strong but temporary compassion for her unhappiness, could have left such an overclouding, such an impress on his whole life. Yet, save for a single veiled, though well calculated, phrase, Anna and her great love seem never to have recurred to him since that day she had tossed him, from her place in the train that was taking her from him forever, the symbol of her broken heart — a faded *oeillet rouge*. But this Summer passion later becomes almost a retrospective hobby of the author. And, every time he revives it, more irksome . . .

In his dispassionate middle age the Autumn love of Mark Lennan begins. He is a sculptor — dream of his youth — and this is skilfully used to visualize, in a manner, his warring emotions. He has married Sylvia, the “kid” of his boyhood. The years are moving on, appallingly rapid in their flight — he will be past forty-five shortly. A yearning insidiously forces its way into him and gradually possesses him — a craving for his lost youth. He longs for a share once more in the world all about, so young and fresh. . . . An old pal of his “dear young clown” days turns up — the friend has a daughter, — Nell, — and the tale begins. Torn between a truly deep and sincere love for his wife, whom time has not materially changed, and this passion for something young, he finally awakes to the futility and cruel injustice of his struggle.

His return to the old order is with admirable tact left almost entirely to the imagination. The situation is, in itself, so poignantly moving, that literary elaboration could avail, if at all, only to polish it. . . . The characters of Anna at thirty-five and of Mark at forty-five have practically nothing in common. But the primitive emotion that has surged through her and mastered her — a frantic, final grasp at slipping youth and its all — is precisely the same that takes hold of him. There is a sort of universal retribution in this; the avenging of the older generation on its cruelly thoughtless successor, when it too is only “a coin worn thin.” Alongside this tragedy is that of his wife, so utterly unlike but quite as appealing. “Man and woman — they both wanted youth again; she, that she might give it all to him; he, because it would help him towards something — new! Just that world of difference!”

Were it not for the vague, nearly insipid conception of Mark in the Summer period, our interest would probably focus on him; in fact, we are fully in sympathy with him at all other times. But, as it is, everything seems to rest on our understanding of Anna, who appears only in the first part, Nell, whom we first find in the third, and Sylvia, who connects the two epochs and is ignored in the second. We are rather glad of this, for the contact might have tainted a character quite as convincing and rare as Audrey Noel.

The lay figures, which are few, most assuredly require comment. They are, everyone of them, masculine or feminine variations of the *genus* "English," which Galsworthy regards with contempt, almost. He has no patience with island pharisees, as he calls them elsewhere. His humor, which lies largely in satire, is mainly directed at them, and occasionally, in its sneering wrath, overdoes itself. He strikes one as more than necessarily harsh and harping in his picture of the tourists. His portrait of the genuine old Colonel and his wife, however, savors of a reverent smile that is at once warm and ironic. And, lastly, we get an acute but resigned version of the narrow, leering sportsman, who is Nell's father. These little sketches, with their vivid concentrative impressionism, easily settle into a place beside some of Galsworthy's richest work. They drop unobtrusively into his plays, appear frequently in his novels, give a tinge of pathos to his verse, and, more especially, are the basis of his simple little dramatic pastels in prose. They lend everywhere a homely flavor of reality that is soothing and lingering.

He has a profound love of nature, which seems, with each new volume, to grow more and more in him. In *The Dark Flower*, Nature almost dominates the story, her spirit haunts us, until we distinguish through a huge mass of description, a vague, murmuring prayer to her Creator, to let her, at least, not leave us.

Galsworthy's technical equipment is almost ideal. His birth and education contribute a vantage point, from which he cannot merely look about him, but can turn his gaze up as well as down. He handles a vocabulary that is nothing short of thesauric in its scope and clarity. Undoubtedly, he owes an incalculable debt to Meredith, and even to Thackeray, but the obligation is in large part reciprocated, for he has



inherited much of the best in Meredith, without his obscurity. His perspective has a great deal in common with Loti's; his style, with Hardy's, but Hardy's ingrained pessimism is missing. We have much to expect from him, and I feel assured from what he has already done, that we shall not be further disappointed. Hilary Dallison, in *Fraternity*, says, "There is no chemical process, so far as my knowledge goes, that does not make waste products." Let us set *The Dark Flower* down, then, as comparatively only a waste product and return to our faith in this superb craftsman of humanity.

*I. K. Moyse.*

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### *THE FISHING FLEET*

Out of the frozen North,  
Burdened with ice they run;  
Rigging and rails shine forth  
In the December sun.  
Weighted with frozen foam,  
Creaking they labor home;  
Rigging and ropes and rails,  
Decks, hatches, spars, and sails,  
Fast locked in ice.

Raked by the rolling seas,  
Sparkling the vessels reel;  
Borne by the biting breeze,  
Glinting like polished steel.  
Down from the frozen North,  
Flinging a furrow forth,  
Burdened with ice they run,  
Dory nests massed as one,  
Mortared with ice.

*J. Garland.*

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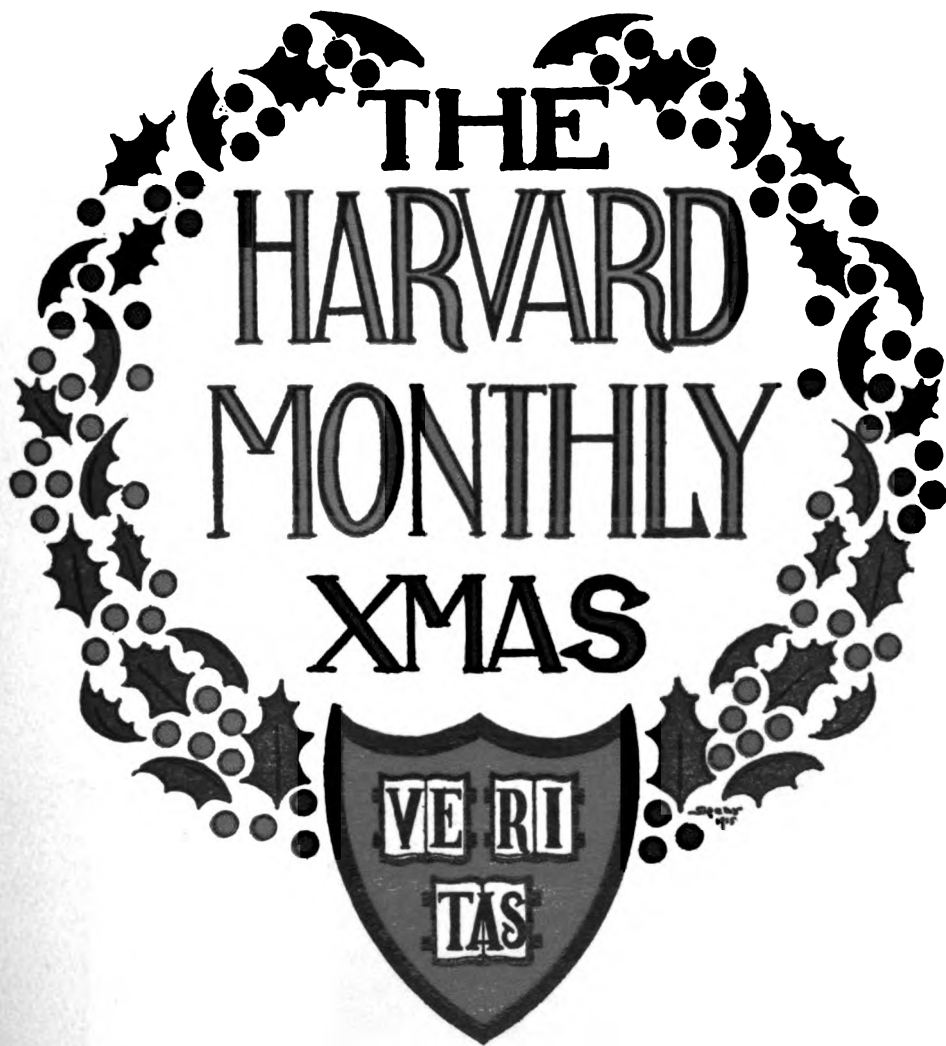
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THE  
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**"THEY ORDER THIS MATTER BETTER"**

It need not be considered a *volte-face* to announce in almost the same breath the doctrine of dogmatic criticism and that more facile doctrine of Voltaire, that "*Tous les genres sont bons, sauf les genres ennuyeux.*" For there are certain things which should be bothersome to intelligent people and others which should be so to all people. Moreover, it is not implied in Voltaire's dictum that all the genres, and all the exemplars of each genre are equally great; he merely asserts that they are good, which may mean that they are good to read and see, or good to reflect upon, or good to use as themes for critical essays. Indeed, I am willing to drop the high-critical attitude which insists upon considering each work *sub specie aeternitatis*, as if nothing was ever, or ever should be, written without the intention of permanence. This article deals frankly with ephemera, and the question it sets refers again to the doctrine I have quoted; it is an attempt to discover why the American novelist who shuts the door smilingly in the face of art and sets out, blithe and *debonair* as a May morning, to write entertaining trifles, should be so intolerably *ennuyeux* to people of intelligence, while the English novelist of the same preoccupation should turn out, with as little effort and as little conscious striving after greatness, works which are amusing, delightful, and interesting to read.

It is really a serious question. We can never persuade ourselves finally to give up hope for a novel which shall be great and American at the same time; by this I do not mean national, but rather the result

of American life and American character. In fact there are a great many things which favor the American novelist above all others. That very inchoate life which at present makes against smooth and careful work, evokes in him a harsh passion for existence; he is fascinated by every manifestation of life; in the comic carnival he is still prone to miss the sublime, but he is eagerly appreciative of the grand manner of life, of what is striking, intense, and—active. True, he is superficial, but one could almost insist that our lives are superficial; true that to be great he should expose to us the depths of which we are ourselves unconscious. But the elements he now possesses are invaluable; they give him scene, plot and character; eventually he will supply genius and art, even as, on rare occasions, he now supplies either one or the other. (There is a certain fitness in referring to the American author in the masculine, when cataloguing his deficiencies; of our novelists the only one who seems capable of bringing both genius and art to the work, is a woman.) It is because of this endowment, and the hope that it gives, that one is justified in making much of the American novel; if we could establish a satisfactory critical influence over it, its progress would be even more sure. But leaving these matters apart, is it not evident that the very qualities enumerated, which will ultimately become the creative conditions of masterpieces, do at this very moment present the most agreeable conditions for the production of trifles? They offer vividness, interest, lightness of touch, superficial interest; what perverse tenth muse broods over them, then, that they result only in stupidity, dulness, vanity and vexation of spirit?

Writing in the March (1913) HARVARD MONTHLY about an American novel which baffled every attempt of a fine and exhilarating theme to get itself finely and joyously expressed, I ventured the assertion that any one of five English novelists, outside of the great English novelists, could make the work what it should have been by the application of ten hours' work; in the course of a desultory summer's reading more than adequate proof has come to me, and part of it, at least, I propose to set down. To have point this proof must pass by such men as Bennett, Wells, and John Galsworthy; it must leave out of consideration Kipling and Conrad and even W. W. Jacobs, among the

writers of short stories. The first group has had the inestimable advantage of literary contact with Hardy, Meredith and, to put him where he properly belongs, with George Moore; the latter have all brought their art to a knowledge of phases of adventure or of civilization which we seem incapable of appreciating. (We have neither the tradition nor the romance; but, as I have said, we have our freedom and our own glamorous existence.) We must avoid these names because it is not important to assert that the masters of English fiction are superior to ours, but precisely that the mere craftsman and dilettante possess qualities which even our better writers most wofully lack. We are concerned with men who are not equal in value, but who are all second in value to the writers I have cited; they are either beginners, or amateurs, or confessedly men of the second rank; and the remarkable thing is that both reading them and considering them should be so charming a task.

Least important are Mr. J. C. Snaith and Mr. R. Macauley; the former had a novel published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, but the proof-readers must have wondered what it was doing in their galleys; Mr. Macauley has had one novel, *Views and Vagabonds*, brought over to this country. It is the story of a young man, the putative son of a noble family, who becomes inspired with the religion of beauty, of work and of equality, and "to live out his life" becomes a traveling blacksmith; he falls in with a pair of English-gypsy wanderers, who would substitute for his theory of "more work for everybody" their own principle, "more fun for everybody." The noble blacksmith marries a daughter of the people, and his relatives make heart-breaking efforts to take her into the family; the vagabonds inherit a vast estate and it is promptly destroyed by fire; the protagonist turns out to be no nobleman after all, and the end of the book starts all its characters off again, exactly as they began. The whole book is evidently a trifle; the sort of thing you happen to pick up, read in for a moment, and find surprisingly delightful. For it is written in a style which, lacking true distinction, is none the less, pleasant and fluid; its characters are not destined to become "types" in any fiction, but they are capable of evoking our momentary interest; and the author is infinitely skilful in his expression of social distinctions. Consider what this book would



become in the hands of the average American author. He would write it as an extended newspaper "story," or, what is quite as bad, an extended magazine novelette. His style would be a compact of dullness, shrieking metaphors, neologisms, and downright linguistic impossibilities. He would vitiate his theme by bathing one character in a warm flood of artificial pity, and would pretend to strike a balance by his frigid contempt for another. He would capture local color and character by means of dialect, but his characters would all *think* alike; and if the novels of the past five years are to be our guide, he would have a social conscience which would make of his book not a study in life, but an appeal for immediate legislation for the suppression of vagabondage or the prevention of mesalliances. We have such a profound and pathetic faith in the power of literature!

Of Mr. Snaith's books I remember the titles of two and the story of but one; so that I am in something of a quandary, for I do not know to which title the story belongs. It is probably *An Affair of State*; the other is *The Principal Girl*, and is, I think, concerned with a peerage-actress marriage. The affair of state in Mr. Snaith's story is something prodigiously important, so important that it is never fully explained, but the story goes on quite well without it. We have the Prime Minister, in whom Lloyd-George seems to be hit off, and good lords and bad, who look forward to their dissolution forever as Parliament; there is a platonic attachment (where any self-respecting French novelist would have had a *liaison*), a duel averted, some bits of heroism and a successful ending. Compare this with the Washington-intrigue novel of a few years ago—such things as Mr. Lewis's *The President*, and even Harold MacGrath's *The Man on the Box*. The atmosphere of the English novel is not real, but it is realistic; its plot is slight but it does not waver; and although the entire situation is factitious and romantic, the characters remain human beings. Did anyone ever credit Mr. Lewis's intrigue? or anyone ever fancy that Mr. MacGrath's hero was a creature like ourselves? You may say that these are not characteristic American political novels; but what would Mr. Blithe's *The Price of Place*, or Mr. Merwin's *The Citadel* be without their clumsily disguised, clumsily indicated portraits of contemporary figures? what would they be without the swing of contem-

porary events? Certainly these novels are criticisms of our political lives; but Mr. Snaith's book, frivolous as it is, presents a beautifully lucid account of the position of the House of Lords and its possible connection with British politics.

We have nothing to compare snugly with Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson's *Lord of the World*. The "religious" novels we produce turn with wearisome monotony on the incident which the French have done long ago: the return of Jesus to the earth. But Mons. Benson has hardly used his theme; it is the coming of Anti-Christ, and the summing up of all the forces of Christianity in one man who is not Christ but his vicar here, to meet the coming. The book is openly melodramatic; it makes use of all the attractions which can be culled from "The Wonders of Science" and prophecies about the future in philosophy, science and politics. It might be cheap, but it is written so forcefully, and at the end, so poetically, that it becomes almost a fine novel. Here is not so much propaganda, as a study in social conditions which force the reader to propaganda. It could never be artistically done over here.

So far the examples have been picked haphazard. Gilbert Cannan's *Round the Corner* might serve as another; so also Coningsby Dawson's *Garden without Walls*; even in the matter of translations one might compare Mr. Cannan's *Jean-Christophe* with the intolerable version of *The Song of Songs* which was published in this country. But there are two books, two men, demanding notice above these, and offering graver lessons. They are Compton Mackenzie and W. B. Maxwell; the books are *Carnival* and *In Cotton Wool*.

Mr. Mackenzie has written three books. *The Passionate Elopement* is an historical novel in which, against all tradition, the ending is a bitter little tragedy. *Youth's Encounter* is an over-detailed account of a boy's life, done, one might almost say, with infinitely studied carelessness. It forms part of a work still uncompleted, *Sinister Street*. Between these Mr. Mackenzie issued his first fine novel. It is a book which a young man can write but once, and there is always one time in a young man's life when he can read it. It is a delicately woven thing, but its plot can stand telling. How fresh Mr. Mackenzie's world is can be judged from the astonishing circumstance that

the mother of the heroine remained faithful to her shiftless, futile husband; how near Mr. Mackenzie is to life itself shows in his choice of a ballet-dancer as heroine. (Mr. Mackenzie is an Oxonian.) Jenny Pearl, born in a London district, dancing first on the street and then in a school; having great ambitions and losing them; breaking a hundred hearts with her own untouched; loving, fearing to yield to love, with always the remembrance of her mother's renunciation; then broken in love, tragically conscious of a wrong she has not committed, married and undone—so much is the material of the book. But I do not know how to speak of her clean-favored, careless, and joyous soul, the embodiment and the meaning of the life which is "wanton and wondrous and forever well!" She lives with Esther Waters, and even with Diana, as one of those of whom it is not a terrible thing to say that they are more real than living beings. She walks hardily in sunshine and rain; she is our romantic dream of love and London made real. It is not only that Mr. Mackenzie has created a character; he has loved her. And our piteous half-hearted novelists have still to learn that this and this alone the artist has to do; he must be enamoured of his people, and must not offer them the indignity of pity or of contempt.

More even than that, it would seem that our novelists must learn to take life as this author has taken it. They must have the same passion and the same understanding; they must learn how inappropriate and unnecessary sympathy is for lives so naively glittered, so cheerfully active and intense, as the lives of our middle classes are. They stand in need of a romantic rebellion against their theories, especially economics. The author of *Carnival* announced himself ringingly for a new romantic movement, which will hold life too dear to consider it as merely "the interplay of heredity and circumstance" and death too awful ever to succumb to combined and efficient municipal endeavor. Mr. Mackenzie is, of course, a poet; his prose is perhaps the richest, in beauty, among English novelists. He feels the sense of cities as some of our younger poets feel it, in New York; he writes of it in his novels as few of them can in their lyrics. Yet Mr. Mackenzie is not a novelist of the first rank; he may become one, and if he does the lesson of his work will come more sharply home. I cannot persuade

myself, even for my thesis, that it will be the lesson of painstaking and solicitude for form; Mr. Mackenzie writes too easily; he has an intuitive knowledge of what is graceful, and accurate, and illuminating. What he has acquired is the untrammelled understanding of life, and love of it, which we Americans do not possess.

And finally, a much more experienced writer. Mr. W. B. Maxwell has issued many novels; many years ago *The Guarded Flame* was imported, and forgotten; *Mrs. Thompson* is an ordinary novel; so is, I am told, *Vivian*. His new book, *The Devil's Garden*, recently banned from the British private libraries, is not yet available, but if it is anything like *In Cotton Wool*, it will be worth waiting for. Let me say at once that Mr. Maxwell almost vitiates the good in his novel by prefixing to it a little moral homily concerning the men who go through life by the efforts of others, who never do things for themselves, and pass an existence wrapped like watches in a jeweller's case, in cotton wool. Of course a novelist should have a philosophy; of course his work should be a criticism of life; but neither of these things need be obvious, neither should need prefaces. Fortunately, Mr. Maxwell's book swept him and his theories away. Lenny Calcraft does a great many things for himself; the pity is he does none for anyone else. He is an egotist, and with profound insight, he is made victim of an insatiable desire for a reputation of altruism. He promises to marry his wonderful mistress when he is free of his father; but life is too wondrous in that freedom and he breaks with her. He becomes engaged to a dashing woman, far too good for him, but he cannot stand the thought of being tied to such an active person. He sinks into himself, literally. He deserts his club; he forgets his friends, and in the last tragedy he forgets himself. The book is, as our newspaper critics say, big; it takes from life and gives to it; the illusion of reality is perfect. Artistically its only fault is the final tragedy, and that, I fear, marks the intrusion of Mr. Maxwell's moral preoccupation.

It is from Mr. Mackenzie, and not from Mr. Maxwell, that I urge American novelists to learn how to think and to feel; from Mr. Maxwell they should learn how to write. I can think of no American novel in which the sense of distinction was so pervasive. Mr. Maxwell's style is never ornate; he makes no attempt at the grand manner; his

restraint in "big scenes" is a source of perpetual intellectual delight. There is a scene in Lenny's room when he breaks off his engagement with Alma Reed. The possibilities for drama, for noise and for vulgarity are unlimited. Mr. Maxwell treats it not as a stunt in literature, nor as an emotional exercise, but as a human experience. In the range of English novels this is superlatively good; it is so good that it makes one think of Maurice Donnay and *La Douleureuse*. And for sheer technical ability, Mr. Maxwell offers an extraordinary example in his method of handling reminiscence; the awkward makeshifts which most novelists must employ to work in even a minimum of past "atmosphere" are put to shame by the vigorous method Mr. Maxwell uses. It is technique, but I do not really believe that it is obtrusive, unless one has studied the technique of the novel and has a "nose" for it; and the continual sense of ease, of high levels and clear skies which the book affords, its sense, finally, of having been written *en maître* can justify something obvious in the workmanship; but I do not think *In Cotton Wool* demands this.

I am most certainly of the opinion that we can learn what these men have to teach; I should be more certain if we would have an end of the intolerable superstition about "writing from the heart," about "feeling right" as the sole condition necessarily precedent to the production of masterpieces. Once we learn that we *must* learn this art as any other, we will go far; and I do not mean by this article to imply that we must not go beyond England. For if you will leave the novel aside for the moment, and consider alone the qualities which I have emphasized: lucidity, understanding, craftsmanship, and above all, interest, I will finish out my title:

"They order, I said, this matter better in France."

Gilbert Vivian Seldes.

## THE WRECK OF THE PERSIA\*

Alone on a wintry sea she sailed,  
The *Persia*, a stout-built brig of old.  
The mists crept chill and the crescent paled  
And the wind grew bleak and the waves waxed bold.

And one by one the stars went out  
And the biting grayness stole around,  
While the whole sea moaned as it tossed about,  
And the halcyons stirred with a mournful sound.

Alone in her cottage beside the grove  
The old wife shuddered and watched the night,  
As she peered through the window across the cove  
Where the line of the breaking surf shone white.

The moaning swelled to a boding wail  
And the driven snow hissed through the air.  
They fought to lower each frozen sail  
With fingers frozen and torn and bare.

And onward the *Persia* plunges still,  
Though angrily beaten and buffeted sore,  
Though seams gape wide and she starts to fill,  
And a useless wreckage lies before.

The seas grow wilder and into the trough  
The brig slides downward—a cry—a shock—  
She strikes, but the next wave lifts her off—  
And shatters her sides on Brace's Rock.

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\* On March 5, 1829, the brig *Persia*, Trieste for Salem, was wrecked in a snowstorm on Cape Ann. Most of the crew escaped from the wreck, but were frozen on the rocks.

Alone in her cottage the old wife stirs—  
A crash fills a lull in the tempest's might—  
" 'Tis a falling tree in the grove of firs;  
God spare my cottage from one tonight."

The sailors crawling through surf-torn kelp  
Exhausted and numbed on the boulders lie.  
With weakened voices they call for help,  
And the thundering ocean mocks their cry.

Alone in her cottage the old wife hears,  
And mutters, "It is the huddled sheep,  
Snow-matted, whose bleatings reach my ears,  
And torture my ease and trouble my sleep."

And one by one the sailors die,  
Frozen to death with help in reach.  
Corpses at break of day they lie,  
Scattered along the wreck-strewn beach.

*J. Garland.*

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#### MEMOIR OF MY DEAD PAST

I went to Phyllis's house party in the frame of mind one usually adopts when one goes to the usual house-party. I did not expect anything unusual. The "Roses," which was the name of my host's cottage, was typical of most lake shore cottages. The lake was beautiful because all lakes are beautiful, but what is more important, it was useful for swimming after tennis.

I had met all the men at various occasions. There was a tennis player, a wonderful dancer, and a chap interested in astronomy who could reel off names of stars that no one ever heard of. The girls were all nice girls. Flora, Phyllis's sister, interested me because she was different from the rest.

She was beautiful but in a peculiar way. Her beauty was not conventional beauty, but individualistic and striking. She was most noticeable for her femininity. Her tennis was the joke of the house-party. And when we took long walks she would invariably come home exhausted.

On the second week of the house-party we went, as usual, to the regular Wednesday evening dance at the country club. There were ten of us. I had just danced with the fifth and last girl, and was wondering whether I dared to change the order of the next round, when Flora, rather flushed and excited, tripped over to me and asked me to dance the next with her. I was a little surprised, not by her disregard of form, but by her sudden confidence in me.

When the music began I hurried to her.

"Shall we dance?"

There was no answer. Instead she impulsively folded herself into my arms; literally gave herself to me. Her whole body clung to me. I noticed her hand shook a little. I tried to dance, but she followed as though she was being dragged against her will. Then without warning, she began to tremble in every limb. I was alarmed. I forgot to dance.

"Flora, what is it?"

There was no answer. I repeated my inquiry. Swiftly, but steadily, she walked toward the veranda. I clutched at her arm and insisted upon recognition, but with no effect. Something had hold of her whole mind. She seemed to be paralyzed with fear. With difficulty I helped her away from the clubhouse. Twice she seemed to see something and each time she started, smothering a scream. She was now shaking from head to foot. Her face was flushed, her breast heaved with jerky breaths. I imagined I could feel her heart beat. We were walking and running, in any direction, away from the club.

My voice sounded unnatural to me as I pleaded with her to tell me what was the matter and what I could do. I found myself trying a lower tone so as to appear in command of myself. But I could get no response.

When we were some distance away, and the music had faded out of earshot, she began to speak short broken phrases. They were something between moans and ejaculations. A man would have sworn.



"Oh, that—man!—Brute!—Beast!—Oh!—Oh!—that awful man!"

We walked on some distance, she, tearing up her handkerchief into little strips, pulling at her ornaments—the rose out of her hair—to make herself look ugly; I pursuing my inquiry and trying to think.

I knew the meaning of her actions; I knew from them that what I had expected had happened. Only the day before, on the lake, I had talked to her seriously on the subject. She had told me about herself; how she had won the vote for the "biggest flirt in school," of her suitors, of her last and most brilliant "catch," which had resulted in a proposal, how she had never loved anyone. And then she had asked me why I hated her, for she knew I did hate her. I had said, "I like you but I do not approve of you." This was the beginning.

I had carried her in my arms from the boat through the shallow water to the shore. On a mossy knoll overlooking the lake, but hidden from view, we had lain, both smoking cigarettes and both a little excited. She had forced me to tell her that she, protected by the good name of an old Southern family, guarded by a dear old aunt and grandmother who *never* seemed to understand, had, instead of gaining real friendships with men, and especially with girls, by natural means, aimed at popularity with men innocently, by the means of her sensuous attractions, that she was playing with fire, and how she would be burnt. I had told her that I wanted to kiss her at that moment, and she had only smiled back quite innocently with one of her "come-on" looks. I remembered that I had then kissed her and regretted it,—even told her so,—told her that she attracted the worst side of men,—the side that they were afterwards ashamed of. She seemed to misunderstand me, always making use of her sensitive intuition, instead of her reason, always answering, "I knew you hated me. But you will like me some day," instead of trying to follow. I could hear her say, "After the dance on Wednesday I shall reform. No, I can't do it now.—I promise not to wear any very low-neck gowns, or let the shoulder straps slip off, have any roses in my hair, never to dance 'in,'—Oh, but I hate athletic girls. Is that all?" I had tried to speak with brutal frankness, seeking to make a real impression for her own good. And I knew she liked me the more for it and intended to add me, as big game, to her list of captures.

Now, I could not say to the hysterical girl beside me, "I told you so." It would be too cruel. She was in no condition for that.

But was she taking advantage of her breakdown to get me to hold her hand and to count that as the first victory in her conquest?

Then I caught the words, "I wish I was as ugly as Anna. Nothing happens to her." I thought of Anna, her long suffering lady's maid.

But now Flora was becoming weak. She could scarcely walk. I led the way to the deserted porch of "The Roses," and found some whiskey, which put strength into both of us. I had no desire to hear what had happened. Her condition told me enough. But I knew if she told me, she would be relieved.

"He said—Oh! I can't tell you. He said——" and she broke down again. "He said he had watched me dance for weeks and had only gotten an introduction tonight through some man. He said I made his blood—Oh dear!

"He said—Are my lips like strawberries?"

"No, Flora. You must know that men lose their heads. They cannot control themselves like women." There was a long silence.

"He said, he was going to have the next dance. And when I told him you had it, he said he would take it—have me for his—Oh. Where is he?"

"Flora, he is now walking some road by himself, wondering how he made such an ass of himself, letting his passions get the better of him and thinking what a mistake he made."

She did not hear. There was another silence. I begged to know what had happened. The worst made little difference to me.

"He said my skin was like ivory."

"But what happened? Treat me as a friend. You can depend on me for anything."

"We were sitting opposite each other in the café. Everyone else went away. He looked at me as though he were insane. I was frightened. I said I must go to my aunt. He grabbed me and held me.—Oh, I can't tell you! He used a word I did not understand. It sounded——"

"Oh, Flora, I don't care."

She was silent. I thought that it would be easy to marry this helpless, probably ruined girl. I knew I could make her wholesome and happy.

"But what happened, Flora? Tell me."

"He held me tight."

"But why didn't you scream?"

"I couldn't. He heard someone coming and let me go. I ran up to you and asked for the next dance. Will you ever forgive me? I never asked a man to dance before in my life."

*Bradley Randall.*

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### SONG OF THE MOUNTAINEERS

They have led their herds to the hollow plains  
Where the great green streams run deep;  
Their tents loom dim in the slanting rains—  
When the red sun sinks and the white moon wanes,  
They drive their huddled sheep.  
And they think no greater life remains  
Than to pray to their gods and eat and drink  
And sleep.

We kill our meat on the rocky trail  
Where the drifted snow lies white,  
Or hungry we climb through driving hail,  
The stinging lash of a driving gale—  
That shrieks in the hills at night.  
But the world is ours when the clouds grow pale,  
And the sun and the moon and the valley below  
Gleam bright.

*Robert Gruntal Nathan.*

"LOLOMI"

At its best an Arizona desert is not pleasant; it is least so when the temperature is just about a hundred. To the dazzling glare of sunlight on the sand is added the bewildering quiver of the heat waves that distort the landscape and blur the dim horizon. Then there is the dust—the fine, white, choking dust that dries your throat, covers you with its grey mantle, and gets in your eyes and blinds you. There is the wearisome monotony of plain broken only here and there by long, flat-topped tablelands of stone that jut out into the desert like so many great, black headlands in the sea, and oppose their tall, steep sides to the billows of the drifting sand. A sort of stupid dizziness oppresses you in travelling through the desert; your heart seems trying to keep time with the tiresome thump, thump of your horse's hoofs and the steady rhythm of the squeaking saddle. You doze and wake by turns; you lose all sense of time and distance, and, when you start up suddenly and look about you, there is only the great, clear, blue dome of sky set down on the brown, parched land.

Of all the Arizona deserts there is none more exhausting than the stretch of twenty miles that separates Keams Canyon from the Moqui town of Walpi. Keams is a little village on the outskirts of the reservation—a trading post, a few adobe houses, and a Catholic mission huddled at the outlet of a cool, green canyon opening out on a wide valley straight across which runs the road to Walpi.

Here it was that Roger Baldwin took leave of his host, the trader, early in the afternoon of a hot August day, and, swinging up into his saddle set out upon the last lap of his journey. He had put a hundred miles behind him since he left the little railroad town of Gallup on the morning of the previous day; this evening he would be in Walpi, and his long trip over. Three thousand miles by rail and another hundred over desert in the last few days of August tire a man, and Roger was exhausted. He was looking forward to the finish of his

journey. As he said good-bye to the quiet little town, and trotted out along the road, he thought he could discern a thin, faint strip of white that crowned the low, black mesa far across the valley like an edge of sunlight on a gloomy storm-cloud. He knew that was Walpi.

Roger was a tall, young fellow of some five and twenty years. The broad sombrero almost hid his handsome face with its bright eyes, long, straight nose and firm mouth. He wore a blue shirt opened at the throat and bound with a bandana handkerchief. His trousers were of corduroy; a coat of the same goods was bound behind the saddle.

All afternoon the mesa heightened, and the white streak broadened, until at sunset, when he threaded the green fields of corn, and plashed across the little river that ran through them, he could make out white-walled houses, tiny windows, and flat, terraced roofs. People, clad in every color of the rainbow, moved along the narrow streets, or stood silhouetted on the house-tops. From the plain below he could hear the faint boom of a drum, and distinguish the sound of voices singing in a chorus. All seemed a wonderful mirage—a sort of fairyland conceived in his own brain.

Slowly he ascended the long sand dunes in the shadow of the mesa, and at last dismounted before the door of one of a dozen tin-roofed shanties. This was Christian Walpi, huddled up around its little mission. Here all the converts lived; the heathen dwelt above.

The house before which he had stopped belonged to "Charley." "Charley" was a Christian Moqui, who housed and fed as best he might in his small dwelling the visitors who yearly crowded to the snake Dance. The front part of this comprised his store, the *dépôt* of exchange between the trading whites at Keams and the pagan Hopi on the Mesa. Here, thoroughly detested by them all, he bartered and haggled the year away; here he welcomed travellers who dared to cross a hundred miles of desert; here he helped to plot the battles of his new-found faith with the religion of his fathers.

A good wash in the cold water of the well and a hearty meal served up in semi-gorgeous style by Charley's wife sufficed to clear the traveller's head somewhat. Indeed, so fresh he felt, that he was ready for the steep climb to the Mesa on that very evening. He took the footpath that led past the mission gate, and, winding in and out among

the huge black lava boulders for a time, at last began its slow climb to the summit. Near the top it widened into a road where it passed by a shrine, decked out with feathers, and an old well.

It was still quite light when Roger passed in through the old gate and strolled up the one long street which ran along the cliff edge. On his right hand there were terraces of houses which looked out across the plain whence he had come. Lights twinkled in the windows of a few; the house-tops were deserted. The drum and chorus were quite plain now: men's voices they were—united in a melancholy chant.

He turned aside, and, mounting the few steps of an old wooden ladder, found himself on the low terrace of a house. A curtained doorway and two dimly-lighted windows opened on it. Some children, gathered in one corner, stopped their play to look at him. At his right, a pair of stone steps led up another wall; he mounted these, and, reaching the top parapet, sat down to look about him. The twilight deepened slowly. It was one of those long summer evenings on the desert when the purple gloom seems to gather undecidedly. The sun was already long down, but a faint light, reflected from a whole flotilla of pink clouds which were sailing high up in the heavens still lingered upon earth. A grey mist had filled the valley; darkness had already closed in on the edges of the day. From somewhere below, among the houses, came the everlasting drum and singing.

Roger sat there smoking, and looking down at the children playing in the court below him. The deep quiet of the place oppressed him; he felt tired and sleepy. He had tossed his second cigarette away, and was about to descend when he heard a voice behind him.

"Shimu," it called softly.

One of the children—a fat, black-haired youngster—looked up quickly. His white teeth sparkled as he smiled, and then he shook his head emphatically.

Roger turned around. A young girl was standing near him, looking down into the court. His quick glance gave him the impression of black hair, dark eyes, and a red shawl.

"Shimu," the voice repeated, but the rascal only looked up again and smiled.

Roger glanced from one to the other. She was young, not more than seventeen, he thought. The red shawl and skirt set off the deep tan of her face. There was something softer,—something more refined in the make-up of her oval face than is expected of the savage. Her lips were thinner and more delicate; her eyebrows of a more pronounced arch. Her skirt, draped gracefully from the belt, left her legs bare half-way below the knee. Her feet were moccasined. As she moved, he caught the glint of silver from the bracelets on her arms.

She was going down the steps now. The urchin screamed and stamped as she approached, and finally tried to scamper off as she came up to him. In an instant she was after him. There was a short campaign, and then the youngster, cornered, yielded himself sullenly into her hands, and they began to climb the steps together. But just as they had reached the top, he broke away, and made another dash for freedom. As he passed, Roger reached out; caught him in his arms, and swung him in between his knees. The child spit, and screamed, and tried to bite him, but his captor only laughed, and held him at arm's length. Then he drew out a bright piece of money, and held it up before the youngster's eyes. The snarl relapsed into a smile, and a chubby hand was thrust out. Roger placed the coin in its palm, and the fat little fingers closed around it greedily.

The girl had come up meanwhile. She seemed a little embarrassed in the presence of her benefactor, for she opened her lips once or twice as if to speak without saying anything. Then, as the child ran up to her, she smiled and murmured:

"Thank you."

Roger was surprised.

"You speak English, then?" he asked her.

The girl nodded.

"Yes; I have been to school up there." And she looked out across the valley. "Five years," she added as if an afterthought.

"You live here now, I suppose," Roger said stupidly. He felt he must say something, and then—he wished to make her talk.

"Yes." And she smiled.

"This is your brother here, I take it," he ventured as he stepped up closer, and laid his hand on Shimu's tousled head. He noticed

what white teeth she had as she smiled, and nodded again. Her shawl had been tossed back in the scuffle and it now hung loosely from one shoulder. Her throat and neck were bare except for a heavy, silver necklace which was set off admirably on the bronze skin. He hunted desperately for something to say. In the lull the sound of drums and singing floated up to them.

"What is that?" he asked her suddenly.

"The snake-men," she replied. "They dance tomorrow. They are down there." She pointed over the house-tops. "You have come to see it?"

"Yes," he answered, as he looked in the direction of her gaze.

"From very far?" she faltered.

He turned and looked at her.

"From far beyond the mountains," he replied. "New York; do you know where that is?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then her puzzled look was gone.

"Yes," she answered, smiling. "We learned that in school."

She stopped abruptly and appeared to listen to the music. It was quite dark now. Suddenly there came a short pause in the singing; the drums only throbbed on for a moment, and then they, too, ceased. The girl turned as if to go.

"They have stopped their singing," she said quietly. "My father will be home now."

"Wait a moment!" Roger called after her. "What is your name?" he questioned boldly as she turned and looked at him.

She looked at him a moment as if she were undecided whether to answer or not. Then she turned, and went on.

"Tewa," she called back to him; then he lost sight of her. He could hear them running on together through the darkness.

"Tewa," he repeated to himself. Then he turned, and began to descend cautiously.

When he reached the store, he found old Charley crouched upon the counter, smoking.

"Charley, who is Tewa?" he demanded as he entered.

The old Hopi looked at him; removed his pipe; exhaled a cloud of smoke, and smiled.



"Tewa," he began in his carefully measured tone, "lives up on the Mesa." He pointed with his pipe. "She's the daughter of Tapolo, chief priest of the dancers, the worst Hopi in the reservation. He hates her, because she can speak English; goes to church on Sundays, and went over there to school. He hates every one who does that." Charley's eyes flashed. "Many's the time I've heard him boast he'd kill her for it."

"And she lives with him, for all that?" Roger asked astonished.

"Yes," Charley grunted. "She needn't be afraid, though; he's a coward. He'd never lay his finger on her."

Silently the speaker readjusted his pipe, and went on with his smoking. Roger left the room, and climbed the wooden staircase to the chamber overhead.

The next evening, just before the hour of sunset, Walpi was alive with people. Strangers, fellow-tribesmen, men, women, and children, they had flocked from far and near to crowd the streets and gather on the house-tops. The main square, a sort of amphitheatre formed by a widening of the street, shut in on three sides by terraces of houses, and ending in sheer cliff upon the fourth, was already packed with people. The roofs and balconies above were crowded. Here the Snake Dance would take place at sunset.

In the centre of the square there stood a tall pillar of stone strangely wrought by water-carvings. At the very foot of this a ladder projected from a small, square opening in the ground. This led down to the kiva, the temple of the snake priests, built down in a hollow of the rock beneath the square. Farther over, almost at the foot of the first terraces, stood a miniature wigwam built of branches of mountain laurel. The door of this was closed with a white cloth; before it lay a short, flat plank.

Roger had contracted with an old housewife for a favorable niche from which to see the dance. There he sat up on her front porch looking down into the square. He held his precious tablet in his hand; his camera was slung across one shoulder. He had singled Tewa out some time before. She was standing almost beneath him in the shadow of the houses with little Shimu by her side.

As the shadows had begun to creep across the desert, the square was cleared. Scarcely had the crowd been forced back, ere the sound

of singing came from up the street, and a moment later twelve half-naked, hideously painted men came trotting out onto the square. Their clothing was composed of a red strip of cloth around the waist; their heads and arms and ankles were adorned with strands of shell and silver. Eleven of them had each a gourd rattle in one hand, and in the other a long feather. Their hair fell loose around their shoulders. The twelfth, an old man, was crowned with laurel, and carried a bowl of water which he sprinkled solemnly upon the ground before him with a turkey feather. Thrice around the square they went, and then the twelve of them lined up before the laurel wigwam swinging rhythmically back and forward as they kept time to their low chant.

"These are the Antelope Priests," said Charley, who had come and sat down by Roger's side. "Here come the snake-men now."

Scarcely had he said this, when a drum was sounded, and eight painted figures dashed up from the kiva. Similarly dressed, they were painted far more hideously, and wore feathers in their hair. Each carried one gourd in his right hand. Three times around they went to the dismal "tom-tom" of the drum which someone in the audience was playing. Then they lined up opposite the Antelopes.

The trader nudged Roger.

"Tapolo," he whispered, as he pointed out the oldest of the last eight dancers. Then he muttered something more that Roger could not catch.

It was an old, white-haired man that Charley indicated; a horrid face he had, with all its cruelty and cunning accentuated by the daubs of grease paint. As he looked, Roger saw him step out of the ranks, and, rushing up before the tent, thrust his hand in through the white cloth hung before the door. He drew out three writhing snakes; circled them around his head a moment, and then took them in his mouth, holding them in the middle of their bodies. Roger shuddered; they were rattle-snakes. The old man went off dancing in a circle, stooping over until he was bent almost double. One of the Antelopes danced by his side, brushing the reptile with a feather all the while.

Tapolo's seven comrades followed his example, and in a moment all eight couples were dancing. As each reached the centre of the square, having circled once around the rock, he dropped his snakes, and made for new ones. Soon there was a seething mass of spitting,

whirring rattlers in the middle of the square. The four remaining Antelopes gathered these up slowly until their arms were full. Still the orgy went on to the thump-thump of the drums and the chorus of the audience until at last the little laurel tent was empty. Tapolo drew out the last snake; Roger watched him snatch it up and thrust it in between his teeth. His eyes flashed; his grey locks tumbled down around his face as he started off on his last circle.

But once around, he did not stop. On he went, swaying and careening like one drunk. Roger jumped down hastily to take a picture. He pushed out to the forefront of the crowd, and got his camera ready. Tapolo was now half way around on his third circle. He was coming nearer. Now he had reached the camera; he looked up. His hideous old wrinkled face looked straight into the lens. Roger snapped the camera.

Tapolo had gone by. Suddenly he stood up straight, and snatching the snake from his mouth swung it once around his head. There was a scuffle, and a cry of horror. Roger turned around in time to see a young girl tear herself loose from the fellow's grasp, and hurl a huge, grey rattler from her. It was Tewa! Like a flash he understood. He saw the great reptile coming wriggling toward him lunging right and left with rage. A second more, and he had stamped down on the scaly head. An arm's length from him stood Tapolo, looking calmly at his daughter. Roger's blood boiled up. He mustered all his strength into one blow, and struck out savagely. The old man crumpled up without a sound.

He pushed aside the crowd, and forced his way to Tewa, but when he reached her he found Charley with his mouth to her left shoulder where two tiny beads of blood had gathered. He tried to speak to her, then something struck him from behind, and he forgot.

After what seemed interminable hours he awoke. It was daylight; he looked around him. Charley sat beside him.

"Where am I?" he murmured feebly. The bed-room was not his at Walpi.

"In the mission at Keams Canyon," Charley whispered softly as he leaned over him. "You came here this morning."

"Keams Canyon," Roger faltered with a sort of feverish reminiscence. Then a sickening dread came over him.

"But why," he began protestingly.

Charley interrupted him.

"They tried to kill you, over there," he whispered. "They tried to kill us all for what you did. Don't you remember?"

"But Tewa," murmured Roger. "Where is she?"

Charley brought his face a little closer.

"She left you this," he said quietly; and handed him a small, white, piece of paper folded neatly. Roger opened it, and then looked up at him with a puzzled expression on his face.

"What does this mean?" he asked slowly. "L-o-l-o-m-i," he spelt out with some difficulty.

There was a pause, then Charley leaned over him again.

"The Hopis use it for the one they love," he answered. "Tewa gave it to me when we told her she was dying."

Roger looked up at him. Slowly his eyes filled with tears.

*R. S. Mitchell.*

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OLD BOOKS TO READ

The window rattles to the volleyed rain;  
The creaking shutter groans and creaks again,  
The storm howls on: I care not what it brooks,  
For have I not my pipe, my fire, my books.

Beside my fire I sit. Before my eyes  
The conquests of the centuries arise.  
Blue seas, and staggering decks, and ships, I see—  
High Spanish galleons that exist for me.  
My study to the oaths of Drake resounds;  
With islands green in southern seas abounds—  
Lovers pass by beneath Italian skies;  
The air is filled with whispers—silence—sighs.  
Without, the rain-drops rattle on the sill—  
Within, the universe is at my will.

*J. Garland.*

*MARIONETTES: A MODERN FANTASY*

MARIO:

NETTE:

*They are two very modern people, dressed to represent clothespins, or rather clothespin dolls. With their modern views and their passion for expressing themselves they might very well be taken for Gordon Craig's super-marionettes. They are standing at opposite sides of my desk, Mario on the telephone ledge and Nette on a bracket. They communicate by means of the telephone wire that is strung between them.*

NETTE: Oh, don't talk to me in prose. Everybody has always talked prose to everybody else. Why can't you be original?

MARIO: I could talk in verse!

NETTE: Oh, no, no, no. Everybody talks in verse when——

MARIO: When what?

NETTE: You know. But go ahead.

MARIO: My unending constancy  
Dearest lady shall I swear?  
Will you match in love for me,  
My unending constancy?  
If you flout me constantly,  
If you spurn and make despair  
My unending constancy,—  
Dearest lady, *shall* I swear?

NETTE: Oh, the stupid man! Why should you swear anything? *I* wouldn't believe you! Besides constancy doesn't appeal to me—it's so old-fashioned.

MARIO: My love for you will endure for a day  
One moment will I seek your lips with mine;  
No pale sad sun shall see my love's decline——

NETTE: Splendid! You didn't say 'divine.' Now finish it.

MARIO: Oh, I was just going to repeat the first line over again. All the really modern poets do it.

*There is a pause, during which the actors arrange themselves in the positions so familiar and so beloved in problem plays. Then*

NETTE: Don't you see that it's impossible!

*Mario starts to speak, but upon careful consideration decides that the best traditions favor silence at this point.*

NETTE: Don't you?

MARIO: Why is it impossible?

NETTE: Because there is no one else!

*Mario attempts to bow his head but he almost loses his equilibrium and decides that he looks almost as dejected, and much braver, erect.*

MARIO: There is no one else!

NETTE: I wish we could ring for tea!

MARIO: What is a play without tea?

Stupid and futile and vain.

Playwrights and actors can't see

What a play is without tea.

If you're as weary as me

Let us arise and complain,

"What? Is a play without tea,

Stupid and futile and vain?"

NETTE: "As me" isn't grammar.

MARIO: "As I" isn't poetry.

NETTE: Besides, if we could ring for tea then there'd have to be someone else.

MARIO: Ah, lady, say, why must there be

Another still twixt you and me,

A tempter come to Paradise?

For me all light shines in your eyes

When you look down so pensively;

Your voice makes music wondrously

Like carols on a sunset sea.

And yet my ardour you despise!

Ah, lady, say:

Why do you want persistently

A little French *menage à trois*?  
 In that way moral danger lies,  
 And Watch and Ward societies!  
 Why can't you be content with me?  
 Ah, lady, say—!

NETTE: It's perfectly simple. Two's company, three's a crowded house.

MARIO: If you want a receipt for a popular comedy,  
 A Broadway success and a hit on the road,  
 Advertise first you've a new immorality,  
 Say, "When I wrote it, with uplift I glowed!"

Drag in an incident, smutty, salacious,  
 Some social conscience, a little reform,  
 Let the press-agentry call you "audacious"  
 Say that your premiere created a "storm."

Leave out your brains, they are not indispensable,  
 You'll make a fortune, on that I'll go bond.  
 For further remarks, slightly more comprehensible  
 ( )\*

NETTE: Then you understand; it can never be!

MARIO: Of course, I understand your position. Your choice is rather limited, since there is but one of me. But you have the consolation of knowing that there will never be too much of me. At any rate, since there doesn't seem to be anyone else, why couldn't we at least temporarily——? You see, it could be easily arranged afterward in case any one *should* come!

NETTE: Oh, you don't understand at all. Mario, Mario, can't you see!

*Mario is sadly puzzled. It is all evident to the most casual observer, but he doesn't see it. At least he pretends not to see, and this is so difficult that he forgets his lines and begins to murmur, "How could I be so——" but he recovers himself.*

\*See Stephen Leacock: "Behind the Beyond."

MARIO: What can't I see?

NETTE: Why, that I love you, you big stupid dear!

MARIO: How could I be so blind?

*Nette, for all her superiority looks strangely as if she expected to be kissed, not literally, for Mario is too far away, but lyrically. Mario is, however, engaged in fabricating a triolet. He does not recite but murmurs audibly certain fragments:*

MARIO: "How could I be so blind? . . . Plain as the nose on your face . . . Grace? . . . Lace? . . . Place? . . .

NETTE: Well?

MARIO: Oh, I forgot. Then that makes it all right. I'll come right over as soon as I can get away.

NETTE: You must not come.

*Obviously Mario has been brought up in the older type of problem play; he doesn't understand the Bernstein type.*

MARIO: Not come? Why mustn't I?

*Nette is now at the great revelation scene, the scene in which the woman with a past renounces her love and saves her innocent lover from himself. She knows it too, because she looks like a modern version of a Dumas-fils-femme-de-trente-ans. She speaks in a low sad voice.*

NETTE: If I didn't love you so much, heart of my heart, it would not matter to me, love, whether I loved you or not. I suppose I should marry you and be faithful to you all my life. But, dearest of all, I love you too much ever to be yours. Because, my beloved, if I were to be yours, now, when there is no one else, I should have to be wholly yours; and we know now, my adored one, that the true love never gives itself wholly, but makes divine reservations, delicate *arrière-pensées*, tender expectations and shy hopes—of infidelity. For we are no longer slaves, O comrade, O brother, O fellow-worker! We are emancipated! And we know that the true marriage is based on infidelity! I love you so deeply, ultimate heart of my heart, that I would be perfection unto thee. But that I can never be, without that imperishable third on whom the highest love depends! There you have my intimate soul.



*The applause from the audience breaks out rapturously at this point. Some of the serious souls say "S-sh! S-sh!" because they think that Mario is going to say something. But he isn't. Everybody knows that the only proper thing for him to do is to walk over and enfold her "without a word" in his arms. Unfortunately this is the last thing he can do. So he stands still, looking compassionate.*

MARIO: I suppose I ought to stride out into the night. I'm sorry that I must stick around here and make it unpleasant for you. But I say, couldn't we rig up one of these Platonic affairs, just for the time being.

NETTE: Perhaps. Oh, Lord, how I want a cigarette!

MARIO: You see, you could love me—Platonically, and then you could be unfaithful to me—*quite* Platonically.

*A half-smoked cigarette has just been deposited on the bracket upon which Nette is standing. She begins to inhale luxuriously.*

NETTE: Oh, goody, goody!

MARIO: I'm glad you like the idea.

NETTE: Oh, I'd quite forgotten about you. It's a very fine idea, I'm sure. Platonic love, platonic infidelity. Beautiful. You may kiss my glove.

*She throws it to him. He attempts to catch it, but loses his balance and falls to the desk below. As his hand closes over the glove he becomes overpowered by an odor which he takes to be absinthe. Automatically he stuffs the glove into his pocket; then he falls asleep.*

*He wakes slowly and painfully. His head is sore, he puts his hand into his pocket to get his handkerchief, but fishes out the glove instead. At that moment his eye falls on Nette, above. She is still smoking. The effects of his dissipation make Mario look oddly like Paul Verlaine. He speaks:*

MARIO: Le gant  
Reste  
Dans ma poche.  
Peste!  
J'entend  
La cloche

D'église.  
Mais elle  
Fume—  
Immortelle,  
Périssable  
Comme l'écume.  
Elle fume—  
Adorable,  
Exquise !

*Gilbert Vivian Seldes.*

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### THE POET'S CORNER

They called us "The Chattering Twelve"; but, though we were as sensitive a group as you could well bring together, we only laughed and continued to talk of Byron and Wells and Baudelaire. "The Poet's Corner" Burton had styled it in a happy moment, and that for us was the name ever after. We argued and expounded, chatted freely and unconventionally, and ate Combinations Seven and Twelve, —at least some of us did,—in that remote corner of Randall Hall. Little we cared if the legal table opposite tortured us at times with its terribly matter-of-fact "ifs" and mundane likelihoods; or if the sugar and napkins flew and the tables danced to the tune of "Soldier's Field." And though we objected to the service, and though most of us had very little to eat, we lived in an ideal atmosphere, subsisting upon ambrosia and nectar,—the diet of the gods.

"The Poet's Corner" is sadly degenerated now, and the poetic circle is broken. But whenever we meet we nod silently to each other and pass on with hearts too full to speak. For we were linked by common ideals and feel something more than friendship in the common knowledge of a tragedy too deep for words. Blakely, whom we always called "Clayhanger,"—for some forgotten reason,—brushes past me with a sorrowfully expressive countenance that seems to say, "We at least have seen better days."

We are scattered now: Hutchison, the least poetical of us all, eats at Memorial with a number of men, who curse the snobbishness of the Gold Coast and rant at the dinginess of Randall. Borrow is at a table just behind me, with a crowd athletically inclined. Poor Borry! I watched him once staring vacantly while the table argued over the prospects of the Boston Braves. He saw me as he rose and gave me a mournful smile that went to my heart. It was a seeming confession: "Yes, I have come to this."

Burton, our leader, is gone; some of the circle are still at Randall. Tibbets and I eat at Memorial, at the regular high-brow table, but God! how we squirm when some inspired member recites an opinion on Chesterton or Shaw that might have been clipped from Mrs. Grundy's Diary or the Critics' Journal. Yet, that is a literary table, and the talk is literary too, but it lacks the sympathy and spark of the "Poet's Corner."

We might—we probably should be there now, but that is the story I set out to tell. There we were, twelve of us, no more, no less, chatting and hoping together, discussing our ambitions and our work as unrestrainedly as twelve men who had sworn eternal brotherhood. There was Burton, who hailed from Virginia, proud of his Cavalier ancestors and his seven or eight generations of Gentlemen. He was full of wild ideas and ingenious theories, and with Blakely, formed the idealistic wing of the table. At the other extreme were Hutchison and Borrow, who prided themselves upon being practical men and writing bread-and-butter stories. The rest of us were about equally divided, aiding the one or the other as the occasion demanded, but on the whole inclined to soar into the clouds.

For breakfast and luncheon we strolled in at any time that pleased us, but we all took dinner together at five-thirty. The last was set because it gave us a full hour's chat before seven, and then some time to spare. Burton, to whom we all looked up as the real leader,—though he never acted the part,—was always there first. He had some work to do, I believe, that detained him till a quarter after the hour, and he was generally seated and waiting with *his* "Bill of Fare" when we strolled in exactly at the accustomed time. He ate little and that very rapidly. After the meal, or what passed for such, was over,

the regular business of the table began. Then Burton would sit back and watch the attack or defence of Bennett or Meredith, or whatever litterateur happened to be mentioned. He himself was somewhat backward of speech and took delight in the opinions of the rest of the table. But upon certain questions he came to be final arbiter in spite of himself; for his breadth of knowledge was enormous. Promptly at half-past six he left us, to go to his work. I forget now what he did. After that the conversation would struggle gallantly till seven, when the circle parted, each to follow the windings of his own little orbit.

It was after the hour-examinations of my third year that I began to notice a change in Burton. He had never been very gay; we knew he had troubles enough at home and difficulties here. Even his most spontaneous laugh had a tinge of restraint, a seriousness behind it that you could not define, but which you instinctively felt. We never laughed at his humorous stories and they *were* humorous too; we only smiled and felt relieved, for we knew that he was having a hard fight over something. Now I saw this attitude alter, grow more intense; the comic anecdotes became rarer, the background of sombreness was being thrust forward. It seemed to me that he struggled against this melancholy, but could not shake it off. I watched him anxiously and saw that he ate almost nothing, and seemed to suffer inwardly when we chatted gaily or laughed wildly.

The others noticed it too and the tone of the table subsided to a lower key. We spoke more often upon serious topics, and somehow, the former pleasure of the evening meal, so keen before, seemed to me, more subdued. Blakely had told me—it was only a wild surmise—that Burton was depressed by bad news from home. Hutchison, I now remember, declared with a more probable degree of truth, that Burton was not finding the work he had expected that year. At any rate his face grew thinner and whiter; his clothes became more shabby, even untidy, a fact which startled me, for I knew that he must be laboring under some distracting sorrow. A struggle was evidently going on in his mind. He would sit in abstract melancholy, looking at the table; and when his food was brought he would glance up suddenly; and then he would gaze thoughtfully at the retreating waiter. At

times he did seem to enter into the conversation, which was sadly languishing; but his attempts at vivacity were even more dismal than his melancholy itself.

We had attended a lecture by a professor of the Sorbonne one afternoon, and had come to the hall *en masse*, all but Burton, who was then, I believed, still at the position he had obtained after the collapse of the family fortunes. As we entered the dining hall arguing quite vehemently upon a certain point that had been raised in the lecture, we saw to our surprise, that Burton was not in his usual place. We easily conjectured a reason for his absence, and were soon lost in the debate. He did not come for dinner that evening; we argued, somewhat less warmly, perhaps, but thought nothing of the incident.

During the next few days, Burton appeared to have parted from our midst. I saw him several times at lectures and wished to speak to him, but each time something prevented me. Other cares came to occupy my mind, and for a number of days I forgot him entirely except for a few minutes at dinner.

About a week later as we sat in the old corner, Chesterton happened to be mentioned, and soon a storm was in full motion. Then someone remarked—we had all thought of it—that Chesterton was Burton's favorite. We suddenly felt his absence keenly, but the question had been raised and we fairly shouted to each other above the din of the hall.

I was shifting impatiently in my seat. I had put in my order over twenty minutes before and the food was not yet in sight. Chesterton was interesting, but even art grows pallid upon an empty stomach. At last I saw a plate descend from behind me. I was angry and felt incensed at the waiter. I looked up into his face with a sullen glance. Then I turned my eyes to the ground. I had gazed full into the pale face of Burton. I recalled a slight flush of the cheeks and a sorrowful eye that avoided mine. I looked up at the rest of the circle. The controversy upon Chesterton had ceased suddenly. A silence came over us all, broken only by the slight jarring of dishes as Burton deposited them.

Fortunately Hutchison retained his presence of mind. "Say, Burt," he shouted out, "Clayhanger here, is after your Chesterton. You'll

have to catch him alone sometime and teach him not to meddle with your demi-gods." We all laughed and felt intensely relieved. But Burton only smiled gloomily. He tried to frame a reply, but the words did not come and he walked away in silence.

Chesterton was forgotten for the rest of the evening. We ate in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. We guessed what had happened. We sipped our tea ill at ease. Then Hutchison told a funny story. That broke the sombre train of thought and we began to chat in the usual vein. But we all felt relieved when the meal was over and parted without a final adieu.

So matters stood for a few days. We saw little of Burton. We conjectured that he made an effort to avoid serving us, and we were thankful for it. Probably he started to work at six, I thought, so as to escape us entirely. The rest of the table seemed to divine this fact and came to the table even more promptly than before. But the sparkle and animation of "The Poet's Corner" was gone forever; still we tried hard to make it a slight success and restore it to something like its former ways.

It was the night of a famous victory. We came into the hall jubilant, and flushed by the rare privilege of beating Yale. Yes we, who generally inhabited the upper air and looked with contempt upon earthly things, reveled in the joy of success. We chatted with renewed vivacity. Poe, Wells, Baudelaire . . . were forgotten. We pounded the table to the stirring tunes and shouted to each other, words inaudible in the uproar. "Damn it!" cried Blakeley, when all had finished their dinner. "This is my fourth year and this is the first time we've licked Yale. Damn it! Who cares for expenses? Ice-cream for the bunch!"

So we sat and talked, or rather shouted of former victories as we waited for the order. I looked up to follow the course of a napkin that had been hurled by a member of the usually sedate law table. My eye lighted upon Burton approaching with his tray. I breathed uneasily. Yes, he was bringing the ice-cream. I did not dare to look up at him. But Blakeley told me afterwards that his face was white as paper as he deposited the eleven plates, and that he gave just a little smile at our boisterous joy and seemed shocked by our sudden silence.

He went away without a word; we saw him almost collide with another waiter, and then we ate our ice-cream without once gazing up from our plates and hurried from the hall.

From that time "The Poet's Corner" pined away and died a natural death. Tibbetts found that he could not eat there for some reason which he did not mention; Jordan found it more convenient to dine out, though we all knew it cost him more to do so, and that he could not well afford the added expense.

There were nine of us now and we were beginning to talk of football and the professors, yes, of the weather,—a sort of pat-ball conversation that was little better than silence. As soon as the hurried meals were over, we would leave the table,—to meet again sad and gloomy. I was growing sick of the place now and would have left had I felt sure that I would not offend Burton and add to his anguish. Blakely, I knew, was of the same mind. I wish we had left. Now as I look at it, I think it would have saved us all a great deal of mental suffering.

The time did come, however, when we had to cut the old ties. Hutchison had ordered a big dinner; he was celebrating the collection of an old tutoring bill. It was with some uneasiness that we saw Burton coming with the food. He was dressed in his white frock and carried the tray with professional ease; you might have guessed that he had been born and bred to the trade. As he crossed the centre aisle a large red-faced law student, who usually sat opposite us, came walking jauntily down the aisle with his eye on his table twenty feet ahead. Burton too was going at the make-up-for-lost-time-rate. They came together with full force. The tray fell to the floor while the air rang with the noise of breaking dishes. For a moment the slight murmur of conversation subsided. Then the entire hall burst into a terrific uproar. Burton was already picking up the pieces of glassware, and what was left of the dinner. The law student scowled at him, muttered something under his breath, and went to his seat. Burton's face was almost purple; the head waiter came round and spoke to him angrily and waived him to the kitchen. Without looking up at us who were only three feet away, he staggered to shelter behind the swinging doors. That was the last time I saw him at the table. Blakely and

I exchanged glances. We knew that it was impossible for us to eat at the table after that. Blakely went to town for most of his meals; I boarded at Memorial.

The circle dwindled and died away. Borrow told me afterwards that the management of the hall noticed the depleted ranks and filled the vacant places with new men, who knew not Wells or Baudelaire and talked of murder trials and discussed that particular member of the table who happened to be absent.

I heard no more of the circle. A few of the men joined me at Memorial, a few remained at the old hall, but "The Poet's Corner" was lifeless and inanimate as far as we were concerned. For a long time I saw nothing of Burton; I could not imagine what had become of him. I went to his room, but it was dark and cheerless and cold. Suspecting that something might have happened to him, I inquired at the office, but from that source I could glean nothing. Then one day I met Borrow and he told me the sad story.

One of the members of the law table, it seems, had put in his order, and, as luck would have it, Burton came with the food. So something had gone wrong with the order, and the law man, who had waited a long time for it, was in no mood to forgive the mistake. He turned to Burton with an oath. "God knows, he didn't mean anything," Borrow said. "Just forgot himself for the moment." He had no idea of the effect of his words upon poor Burton, as he remarked cuttingly to his companions, "That's the way it always is at this place. These fellows aren't worth their salt. Randall Hall isn't a charitable institution and shouldn't be run on the poorhouse plan."

Burton's lips quivered but he said nothing. Borrow said, he felt relieved when he saw tears come into the poor fellows eyes. For he feared that Burton was going to avenge the insult. The law chap saw the mischief he had done, and that the devil was to pay somewhere, but he only looked hard at his book. Burton fairly ran into the kitchen. There, they say, he cried pitifully.

"That night, big-hearted, high-strung Burton went back home in Virginia." Here Borrow paused a moment. "Hutchison says, he was too damn sensitive." Borrow shrugged his shoulders mournfully and walked away, overpowered by the recollection of Burton.

*B. Winkelman.*



*GALSWORTHY—A GLORIOUS PAGAN**An Appreciation of "The Inn of Tranquility"*

The wind was cool in the morning, and moist, hinting a tang of burning wood. Arms flung back to it, eyes asmile at the deep blue and the meadow green and the sunshine softening all of it, I wandered ankledeep in the grass. The meadow was wet with dew and the drops silvered the rippling waves as the light wind bowed the grass. Over a little hillock I wandered, breathing deep a sweet, wet clover—and there I found him.

He sat bent low, gravely watching a little black bug; as I stopped a moment to wonder, he touched it with his finger, and the little bug crawled away. I stirred in the grass, and a thousand drops of dew shattered and tinkled.

He looked up and smiled. "Another little piece of that mystery which makes life so wonderful and sweet," he said. Laughing I nodded, and his eyes laughed back. His fingers laced about his knee, and he rocked in the clover. "It is radiant warm," he sighed.

I sat down beside him, and we spoke of mystery and so, of death.

"To become a whiffling noise, cold, without one's self," he mused. And when I questioned him, he spoke of times when "Life and Death were exalted into what was neither life nor death, a strange and motionless vibration, in which one had been merged, and rested, utterly content, equipoised, diverted of desire, endowed with life and death." So keen, so cool an understanding had he of that flickering moment when the soul speaks dimly of life, that I looked at him in amazement. He read my wonder, laughing up at me, and told me tales till the sun swept over the sky and dipped behind the trees. Tales of the woods and fields: wan sheep huddled together in the evening . . . cold wind sweeping over warm rocks . . . a brown mare galloping over a white field in the mist. He told me, too, of Pan . . . of a wistful fay and a dark haired boy swinging together over a gold

rimmed pool, with sunlight low in the trees. And while he spoke, I lay with my face to the sky, feeling the gold of the sun, and the deep, slow scent of the clover.

The blue and green faded, the air grew cold, and the grass warm and wet. Dusk blurred blue the line of the trees and the sweep of the meadow. A lonely bat flittered in sudden circles around us. Once again we spoke of mystery, and my companion told me of a little ship he had seen early one morning, when ". . . The far shore of the river's mouth was just soft dusk; and the dim trees below me were in perfect stillness. . . . Like nothing in the world she came, ending her flight, with sail-wings closing and her glowing lantern eyes. There was I know not what of stealthy joy about her. . . . If only I might go trembling, as I was, with the rapture of all I did not know and could not see, yet felt. . . . And just then she struck her bell . . . within me, in response, there began the song of all unknown things . . . the song of all the wind has seen and felt. The song of lives that I should never live; of loves that I should never love—singing to me as though I should."

Far off I heard the drifting peal of church bells in little villages, and behind me, wind in the trees. . . . Pan, singing "the song of lives that I should never live."

*Robert G. Nathan.*



Here is the perfect solitude,  
And calm from far Eternity.  
No desecrating voice or sound  
Can ever break this still of untold peace.  
Here is the only end of every search,—  
The awful joy to be alone.

I took the brightest of the gems,  
The rarest flowers that blossom here,  
I took them to the land of Day,  
To ease the smothered hearts that struggled there.  
The broken people mocked,—in my hot hands  
Lay but the dust of centuries.

There may be those, when I have sped  
Upon the unknown shadowed path,  
Who will achieve the mystic sign,  
The revelation of the twilight world.  
Then let them know I spake not idle word,  
And let them search for me,—a Song.



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## CONTENTS

### **Freshmen Dormitories — A Comment**

*Charles Merrill Rogers, Jr.* 139

*Wind on the Fens.* B. P. Clarke, Jr. .... 144

*The Little 'Uns.* Louis D. Kornfield..... 145

*At Night.* B. P. Clarke, Jr..... 157

*The Honor of a Klepht.* J. R. Dos Passos, Jr... 158

*I am Tired.* Robert G. Nathan..... 163

*Charity.* C. Huntington Jacobs..... 164

*Sandy—A Portrait.* Richard Dana Skinner.... 169

*The Island of Death.* R. S. Mitchell..... 170

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